The Coming People

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

I SUSPECT that certain readers may complain of this book, that it is too boldly optimistic. It seems therefore fair to say something in advance about the personal point of view from which I approach the subjects here considered. I am not in any way an optimist by temperament, but quite the reverse. I am accustomed to think of the sad and sterner aspects of life. I know by experience the facts and the moods that tend to make men pessimists and even cynics. If I am an optimist, my optimism has not come to me easily; it is not one-sided, or negligent of

facts. It is not the product of fortunate and exceptional circumstances. It has been bought with a price; it has been urged upon me through all the varied lessons of life. It is not merely the outcome and summary of my religion, but it is the net result of the questioning and the thought of a naturally sceptical mind. I have endeavored to test and try it. I have never feared to bring strain and pressure upon it. In my case it is no mere ardor of buoyant youth, but the growth of years.

I have watched the working of this bold optimism in a considerable number of other men's lives, under different forms of faith, and in some instances even where its possessors, being somewhat shy of religious terms and pious phraseology, have hardly been aware that in their habitual

attitude of good temper, friendliness, unwavering honesty, disinterested and unselfish activity, they have been living precisely as intelligent men would live in a good universe, and have been illustrating in their lives what veritable religion is, more than their words would allow.

I have also tried other ways of thought, and found them to fail altogether. I have observed that, while optimism is always challenging and urging us to be consistent and thorough-going in our faith in it, pessimism, on the contrary, can never be consistently applied; but in all the highest moments of life the pessimist must act like an optimist, must face the way of hope and progress, must trust in truth, in duty, in love, and in goodness, as if they were indeed eternal. I have observed that the agnostic cannot remain

evenly balanced on the narrow fence of hesitating doubt. He must act and live on one side or the other, toward evil or toward good. Is it not evident that his best and most successful action is at those times when, like the boldest optimist, he goes heartily over to the side of good?

If my optimism seems bold, it is not presumptuous. I have no merely personal word to utter about it, or I should not venture to speak. My courage to speak arises wholly out of the conviction that my message is not my own, but is rather the great and universal message to all lives. I am sure that, if I can face the problems of the world with hope, any man may learn the great happiness of doing the same. I am equally sure that, if we can venture to take the ground of optimism at all and in any particular, we may

as well be bold enough to trust that it will altogether bear us up. If, on the whole and in consideration of all the facts, I am constrained to be an optimist, that is, a believer in good, while I desire always to be modest and undogmatic, I can see no intellectual merit in being ashamed of my best conclusions, or timid and distrustful in using and uttering them.

I believe that Jesus was quite philosophical in the instinct with which he habitually insisted that men should choose which master they proposed to serve, and should straightway begin to serve that master with all their hearts and minds and strength. The purposeless life runs with narrow and sluggish flow. If men do not dare or wish to serve evil, if it is intolerable to live as if the world were the sport of evil, let them take the only

other distinct choice, and serve the good. Let them go over altogether to the side of the victorious Goodness in which they trust.

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"I would write for young people, and for those who never mean to grow old, who wish for plentiful life, — for life that shall not only be rich and joyous, but true, pure, honorable, noble, and reverent.

"I would show what such life is, here and now."

THE COMING PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROPHECY.

THE prophecy is to be found in one of the most beautiful and familiar passages in all literature. It is one of the verses known as the Beatitudes, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Often this is not really believed to be prophecy at all. In fact, most readers regard the whole passage as beautiful, like a cluster of pearls; but they have no use for these pearls, except to look at them. Who takes the Beatitudes seriously, as matters of fact? Who stops to ask whether they are true? Who believes that they may

have any reasonable place in the life of modern men?

The fact is, the somewhat ancient language needs to be translated into the living style of speech such as Jesus doubtless always used. Let us translate our prophecy, then, so as to see what it meant to those who heard it first. Let us read for *blessed*, happy or fortunate; let us rid ourselves of that word *meek*, which has come to bear an ignoble sense. The word has been spoiled by keeping company with too many passive, inoffensive, lifeless, colorless creatures. What active mind ever wishes to be "meek"? What Anglo-Saxon father or mother wishes a child to be "meek"? Let us choose a word that shall make Jesus' meaning live again; we will say kind, or gentle, or friendly. Blessed, or happy, are the kind people; or, if you choose, Happy are the true gentlemen and gentlewomen.

See now what Jesus ventures to predict

of these gentle people. He does not content himself with saying, what any one would expect, that they shall win heaven. But he asserts that "they shall inherit the earth." That is, in plain words, these are the coming people. The days will come when the gentle and friendly people will cover and hold the world.

There was never a bolder prediction than this. Nothing, in fact, better illustrates what that much misunderstood person, the prophet, really is. The prophet is the man who sees in advance the march of law. The astronomer foreseeing an eclipse is a prophet. He catches sight of the plan and construction of the universe. He sees its unity of design. From what is now, his eye runs on to what must be, centuries ahead. So with the man who discerns the moral and spiritual laws that bind the world of men, and construct the fabric of human society. The prophet discerns the lines upon which society must

move. He catches the difference between the transient and the permanent. Long ago, standing on his mountain-top, he could see the stars that would still be shining on men, ages after all the kings, the warriors, the priests, of his day had passed into dust.

Thus, in an age of blood and war, when the fame of conquerors was in all men's mouths; when human sacrifices had not yet ceased to be offered on the altars of the great capitals of the ancient civilization; when the type of human prosperity was coarse, brutal, arrogant; when woman was a slave or a plaything; underneath the outward confusion great seers traced the deeper necessary laws of a nobler life to come. They foresaw a world which should actually have no further use for fighters, or bloody sacrifices, or gorgeous temples and rituals. They foresaw a time when pride, arrogance, cruelty, hate, would be put behind man as so much barbarism.

Great truths often come in parables and by picture language. There is a marvellous outward parable, or rather a series of wonderful parables, that illustrate and enforce the teachings of the prophets concerning the future of men, and the race that is bound by Divine destiny to win the supremacy of the world. Science, peering backward into the dim past, tells us of a vast period when gigantic creatures, saurians and mastodons, possessed the earth. Would it not have seemed wild prophecy if an archangel from heaven, watching the sports, the fury, and the carnage of those gross brutes, should have even guessed that the whole monstrous race would pass away to make room for the smaller and comparatively feeble creatures of our present time? Or, when the cavemen struggled with wild beasts in every forest, what a strange venture it would have seemed to predict that in after times the wild animals would cease from the earth, and only gentle creatures,

tame and friendly to man, his pets and his servants, the oxen, the sheep, the horses, would prevail!

Nevertheless, to the eye of intelligence, such prophecies would have seemed from the first to be only manifest destiny. As Mr. John Fiske has remarked, there came a "Waterloo" as soon as the earlier reptilian creatures met the new and higher order of mammals. The animal that suckled its young was better than the beasts that had no care for their own offspring. The intelligence that bound even a pack of wolves together to hunt their prey was more significant than the mere size of the mammoth. At every stage, whenever the finer, more intellectual type appeared, there was the type which the angel or the prophet, watching the majestic procession and order of life, must have foreseen would prevail.

There was not only a law of progress that gave to tiny man, with his wits, his skill,

and his bow and arrows, precedence over the great beasts around him. There was also a deep law touching the uses to which creatures could be put. To the eye of intelligence it might have appeared generations ago that the wild and fierce creatures had no large and universal usefulness. Man had now come as the master of the earth. The wild creatures were his enemies, killing his flocks and herds. For the tame things he had ever larger and more imperative uses. For the wild animals he had always less use.

It would not have required more than clear understanding a hundred years ago for the Indian huntsman to become a prophet, and to foretell to his tribe what was already beginning to come about. The forests were being swept away; the area of tillage and pasture was stretching always farther away from the sea. There would not be any more room for the bears and the wolves. The fur-bearing creatures

would perish before the devouring saw-mill. By and by, where the buffaloes roamed, the white man's sheep and cattle would possess the land. In the presence of millions of men, with the select creatures which offered manifold and vast uses, the wild beasts, and even the wild men, with few or no uses, must inevitably disappear.

Thus, in a world once wholly wild, a scene of ceaseless strife and blood, the tame and gentle creatures have won their way, and already largely inherit the earth. Our museums and zoölogical gardens have to seek far to find specimens for science to study, to satisfy curiosity, or to amuse our children. We even begin to wonder if the great world will be quite so picturesque and interesting when all the tigers and lions are exterminated, and the very jungles will be drained, and made to bear harvests of rice. So safe have we become from man's ancient enemies, that we

are hardly ready to part with them altogether. Here, indeed, is a strange series of parables to show how in man's outward world already "the meek inherit the earth." Is it not plain that the prophet ages ago would not have made a mere random guess, but rather a scientific prediction within the realm of law, in foretelling, contrary to all appearances, that the peaceful, timid sheep were better and more enduring than panthers and wildcats?

So when the first just and friendly man appeared upon the earth, from that day a fatal Waterloo was visible for all the men of pride and fraud and blood. Here was a new type of man, finer, superior, more intelligent. Here was a man under whose hands the overruling Power was to bring a whole train of larger uses. The wild man that had been was strong to destroy, but he was not strong to build and construct. The arrogant conqueror might, indeed, compel men to accept a despotism,

with its unstable equilibrium, resting upon the merely temporary basis of serfdom. But the just and friendly man would weld cities and nations together. The righteous, obedient, merciful man was the precursor of the republic, with its mutual obligations and its liberties. Surely the inferior type of man must disappear. Less and less could he meet the conditions of existence. The superior type of man must survive. This was Jesus' prophecy, rising out of the perception of a universal law.

This thought of Jesus showed marvellous insight. To look beneath the surface, and to catch sight of the working of mighty principles; to see the simplicity of the law beneath the diversity of its operation; to look beyond masses of bulky material, and conceive the unity of the builder's plan, — this is genius, always rare and costly. We call it, therefore, a very wonderful thing, that first an un-

known psalmist uttered the prophecy that the coming race must be the race of the gentle; and that, generations later, the clear spiritual genius of Jesus singled out this earlier word and wrote it anew, where men must forever read it, become familiar with it, and hold it as a shining ideal. It will be my purpose in the next chapter to show to how large an extent, far greater than the world generally supposes, the remarkable prophecy has already become true.

CHAPTER II.

CERTAIN CLEAR FACTS.

To a merely casual observer the spectacle of our present modern world does not give proof that the meek or gentle have as yet won the earth. Imagine some ancient Egyptian brought to life again, shown the vast military establishments of Europe, taken to the English naval ports and shown the great "destroyers;" let him hear the talk of Tsar and Kaiser; let him be told the sums raised by the taxation of the great civilized nations for the support of armies and navies; let him traverse the regions of Asia and Africa, and watch the evidences of tyrannical misrule; let him see cities marked by the bloodstains of recent massacres, and the

immense ignorant and oppressed populations, — he would not think that the world had got on very much since the days of the Pharaohs.

Or again, if an early prophet of Israel, an Amos or Hosea, were to visit the great factory towns, were to hear the bitter complaints of the masses of working-men about their straitened conditions, their insufficient wages, the greed and avarice of their employers; if he were to read the newspapers, and be told the old story that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer, — his soul might well be stirred within him, as when he lifted up his voice against the rapacity of the noblemen of Samaria or Jerusalem. The present world seems in fact to be controlled by the fighters, the proud, the selfish, the unjust.

We need not, however, merely look at the bewildering dust, strife, and noise which mark the surface of life; but we

must also consider those deeper conditions, industrial and commercial, out of which the wonderful network of our civilization is wrought. We need to look, not at what kings, parliaments, and congresses are doing, but more closely at the lives of the multitudes of the humble and unpraised who weave the warp and woof of history. We need not be concerned about the stationary East, or ask how much it has changed in a thousand years; it will be enough for our purpose if we trace profound marks of change and advancement among the peoples who lead the van of civilization. Where the leaders go, there the multitudes sooner or later must follow. We will consider some of the distinguishing characteristics of our Anglo-Saxon people, and especially the developments that have taken place within a century in the United States. We are prepared to show that in this great leading nation of the world, to which all other nations

look, the signs of the incoming of the new age of the gentle and friendly race are obvious.

Let us ask, in several important directions, what kind of people are in demand to meet and fit most nicely the conditions of our American life. Who are the men, for instance, pre-eminently in demand on the hundreds of thousands of American farms? What type of man is most sure to succeed in agriculture — the business upon which mankind must forever depend? The men whom our farms require are not the coarse, the brutal, the cruel, but the friendly, gentle, and humane. Here in a certain town is a farmer of the ruder sort, with his sheep and cattle and horses. With like outward conditions near by is the man of the new type. The one, careless and inhuman, abuses his creatures. The other gives his animals the most enlightened, thoughtful, patient care. Is there any doubt which of these two

men will succeed? Is there any doubt that the well-tended herd of cows will give more and better milk, and pay larger profit? Is there any doubt that the sheep and the young lambs to which their master is a friend will thrive better than the flock of the careless and brutal neighbor? The fact is, that in the great realm of agriculture the demand already is for kindness and humanity. The time has come when no other qualities meet our needs.

Suppose, again, that in one of our cities two teamsters, each with a stable full of horses, compete for success. One of these men belongs to the old *régime*. He seeks to get the most out of his horses and to give them the least. Their food is inadequate, the teams are overloaded, the drivers force and beat the horses. The other man has caught the new ideas about the treatment of creatures. He loves his horses, and gladly gives them proper care, plenty of food, air, and light in their stalls, the

needed time for rest; he refuses to employ a man who beats his animals; he never overloads his teams. This man does not need to interfere with the business of his neighbor, or try to get away his customers. But which of the two will men, desiring excellent service, choose for permanent employment? As the years go on, which of these men is bound to succeed and prosper? Which will certainly get the most work out of the horses? The world is coming to require the best service. The best service cannot be maintained except by men of intelligent humanity.

No doubt there is very much to dishearten us in the conduct of business. It is a fair question whether society is not outgrowing our present industrial and commercial system. All that I can show at present is that the great bulk of commercial transactions is vastly more just and kindly than many suppose. The treacherous, overreaching, disobliging dealer is not

wanted anywhere. A righteous competition inevitably pushes him to the wall. Who chooses to deal with men who show a disposition to injure and cheat? Who will purchase more than once from an uncivil salesman? More and more we appreciate and expect just, friendly, humane treatment from those with whom we deal. More and more is the demand in all stores and offices for the faithful, friendly, and cheerful. There are not as yet enough men of this sort to fill the places. Other things being equal, these are the men who surely have the future in their hands. There is every reason to believe that there was never before in the world so large a proportion of such persons as there is now in the business establishments of America. Comparing all times together, there was never a period when the poor man, the little child, or the woman would have been so certain of kindly, just, and respectful treatment in buying and selling as they

are in this last decade of the nineteenth century.

One hears loud complaint in many quarters to-day of the bearing of capital toward labor, of the harsh treatment of workingmen by their employers. It is not my wish to overlook actual facts, or to make light of evils which certainly need to be righted. On the other hand, I wish to make it obvious that there is another class of facts which is frequently overlooked. There are undoubtedly harsh, despotic, arrogant, overbearing masters of capital. Plenty of barbarism still inheres in the tissue of our civilization.

What I claim is, that the tyrannical employer is an anomaly in our industrial system. He does not belong there. He makes mischief. Like the ugly teamster, he wastes the power which he is set to direct. Like the farm-workman who abuses his animals, his doom is already written and sealed. The law of righteous competition,

which always works in the long run to replace the bad thing by a better, and the better thing by a best, works relentlessly against harsh and inhuman masters of industry. Already, in a considerable number of mills, factories, shops, and railroads, the new and enlightened kind of employer is in command. Who will assuredly get most work out of the men, who will save the tremendous losses involved in strikes and lockouts, who will reduce the human friction, who will finally pay sure and permanent dividends, so well as that captain of labor who represents not merely money or authority, but also friendliness and intelligent sympathy, who treats workmen, not as machines, but as men? Such masters as these are coming into demand everywhere. It is in accordance with human nature that the working-people will finally be content with no other leaders than these. By the inexorable laws of trade the great corporations,

granting that they continue to serve us, must furnish this type of captains and leaders. The vast machinery of industry demands the nicest sort of material in timber and steel. The same complex machinery is bound to require also the most excellent human material. The time is already rapidly approaching when coarse, unfriendly, avaricious men cannot be suffered to touch, much less to control, the costly plant of industrial civilization.

Let us hasten on to a far plainer but still more impressive and interesting illustration of the working of our law. Only so short a time ago as the first half of this century schools were generally in the hands of brute force. As horses used to be broken to their work, so it was generally assumed for generations that the will of each child must be broken to discipline. Millions of children grew up with the common sight of the rod in the schoolmaster's hand. Only the few prophetic spirits

thought any other method of discipline possible. We have almost totally overturned the old kind of discipline throughout the United States. The coarse, brutal teacher has been obliged by a beneficent competition to disappear in favor of the teacher who is the children's friend. No intellectual superiority, no superb furnishing by the university, is sufficient recommendation for the teacher who does not love his scholars. There are not indeed as yet teachers enough of the higher type which we require. But even inferior teachers must, at least in outward form, correspond to that type. The proof is overwhelmingly evident that the coming race of the world's teachers must be the gentlemen and the gentlewomen whom our ancient prophecy foretold. These alone can secure the best results from our children, at the least expense of needless friction. These alone can provide workmen, farmers, artisans, merchants, leaders, and organizers

of that industrious, faithful, intelligent, kindly, humane type, such as our growingly delicate, costly, and sensitive civilization requires.

We turn to another remarkable illustration of the working of the law which tends to dispossess the bad and the unfit in favor of the better and the capable. It is a direction in which few would look for such an illustration. It is in the realm of diplomacy. The old world diplomacy has notoriously been an open field for fraud, international hate, and corruption. Till our century, the evil name, Machiavellian, had come to characterize all diplomacy. We have been trying in the United States with marvellous success a new experiment. True, we have not always consistently lived up to the ideal of this higher experiment. We have tried also the opposite kind of experiment, and invariably to our grief and shame, as in the case of the Mexican War. But we have already achieved

enough to make a clear object-lesson of the superiority of the higher method. We have had a series of statesmen, who, in their dealings with foreign nations, have ventured to tell the truth, who have not wished to overreach their neighbors, or to do the weakest nation an injustice. The names of Washington, Franklin, Charles Sumner, and Lincoln are proof of the possibility of our having men at the head of our foreign affairs nearly, if not altogether, free of jealousy and suspicion toward the nations over the sea. In other words, friendliness, and not aggressiveness, has characterized the most successful acts of our American diplomacy.

It is in accordance with this spirit that it has now come to be the settled American policy to adjust all those differences, over which nations once used to fight, by the peaceable method of arbitration. The whole world may be said to be watching our American experiment. Who will deny

that the eye of the seer who foresaw the coming of the new race of the humane and peaceable caught sight of the trend of a mighty universal law? Is not his prophecy vindicated already by the fact that the mightiest and leading nation of the world, with its seventy millions of people, exists to-day almost without an army, except for a few thousand men to patrol the frontiers of the wilderness?

We are brought to a more startling and significant witness to the law the motions of which we are tracing. We have spoken of the armed camps of Europe and of gigantic fleets of war. But even out of the history of war there is coming into sight a series of suggestive facts of a higher order. The late Civil War in our country, terrible as it was, illustrated on a great scale the growth of humanity. In the old days the fighters faced each other with hatred; war developed mainly the passions of the savage and the brute; the

sole purpose of each contending force was to do mischief to the enemy. In our Civil War, on the contrary, the great leaders, and especially the common soldiers, who best represented the spirit of the victorious party, harbored absolutely no hate in their hearts, wished permanent benefit for their adversaries, and made the motto of war the grand words of their illustrious commander, *Let us have peace.*

Here was a war, — the outcome indeed of the great national crime of slavery, purged away by blood atonement, — upon the completion of which the representative men on both sides set to work at once to love and respect one another, and to bind the country together in the bonds of goodwill. Never before in the history of the world had there been such results of war. They were not, indeed, the results of war at all. They came in spite of war. The only possible explanation of these facts is in the line of what we are endeavoring to

explain, namely, that in spite of all the unseemly dust and noise on the surface of things, the great ruling, inward, spiritual forces work together to bring in the rule of the coming friendly and gentle people.

Are there not also indications of very marked improvement with respect to the actual holding of power and property? Not so very long ago the power, and especially the property, of the world were in the hands of the fighters, of the arrogant, of greed and avarice. Vast domains were held by single conquerors. Whole towns were possessed by feudal lords. The poor, even when they were not slaves, were forced to pay tribute to harsh masters.

We do not deny that something of this earlier condition of things still holds true. It was not to be expected that the ruder and brutal powers would give way easily or at once. What we call attention to is the extraordinary prevalence already of a new order. An extremely large propor-

tion of the millions of the farms and homesteads of the United States are held in the name of justice, good-will, and humanity. Making all allowance for masses of ill-gotten wealth, a considerable amount of all the property has been honestly earned. Fair and beneficent equivalent has been paid for it in services rendered. The acquisition of it has not impoverished any one, but has rather enriched all. Friendly service is not yet the sole condition of the holding of property in the United States, but it is at least coming to be recognized as the only decent and tolerable condition. Let any one count how many persons there are within his acquaintance who have not righteously earned what they possess. Let him enumerate also how large the class is of kindly, industrious, just, and friendly persons who have had at least measurable success in winning possession of the earth.

I wish that we might say as much about

the power and the places, the rank and the offices of state. But it is possible to exaggerate the extent to which corrupt and mercenary methods prevail in our government. There are in the worst governed cities and States a large number of instances, showing promise of the new order. There are upright, faithful, generous, and noble men in every department of the public service. What is more (and this is the point which I wish to emphasize), such men as these are more and more clearly seen to be the only type of men whom the state can afford to sustain. The growing dissatisfaction throughout our country with bad officials and corrupt government is a signal that the days of the self-seeking political managers are numbered. As in industry, in commerce, in education, the demand is for the best; and as only the best can survive, so in politics, the same imperative demand for the best is certain sooner or later to produce the corresponding supply.

We have seen how in the brute world the creature that has few or ill uses must give way in favor of the creature of many and beneficent uses. So, inevitably, the politician and the office-seeker who serve only themselves must go to the wall in favor of the men who offer large services for society.

I wish to guard carefully against misunderstanding. I do not speak in order to make any one better satisfied with existing conditions, least of all satisfied with evil conditions. I am making no defence for the idle rich, or for the too great gains which our American society has allowed shrewd adventurers to win through the corrupting influence of various kinds of selfish or class legislation. I wish to call things by their right names. I wish to leave it perfectly evident how far barbarism still survives in America. I shall speak later with reference to ridding ourselves of the remnants of barbarism. What I have

desired to make plain in this chapter is the actual extent of the incoming of the realm of light and good will. I hold that the winning forces in the world to-day are not, as many suppose, greed and selfishness working by brute force, but rather good-will, friendliness, and humanity. I hold that these forces of civilization — the trade-winds of the universe — are mightier than the old world forces with which they compete. They are permanent, while the others are passing away.

There are those who, in their discontent at the rate of human progress, suffering, it may be, the effects of injustice, with their eyes fixed on wrongs which need to be redressed, judging human progress by a hasty glance at the waves on the shore, rather than by the mighty rising tide on the scale of the centuries, see no help for the modern world except through catastrophe and revolution. There have always been voices, honest and well-meant, but harsh and bit-

ter, foreboding terror and evil to be paid as the price for further advancement. I propose to show the contrary. The great new doctrine of evolution, which comes as a clew to explain so many strange things in our world, does not support these gloomy forebodings. On the contrary, a wide reading, both of history and science, goes to show how deep is the law that works ever toward the achievement of the best and the most desirable things. Whatever is best, whatever fits the larger need, whatever most nicely adjusts itself to the ruling conditions, this the universe demands, and works to effect. Here the highest teaching of religion is one with science and history. If God lives, so sure as justice and beneficence are at the heart of the universe, we have nothing to fear, but all things to hope for. I wish to make this plainer as we go on.

CHAPTER III.

HEROISM, OR THE IRON IN THE BLOOD.

It would seem as if every one would like the idea of filling the world with gentle, that is, civilized, or, if you choose to call them so, Christian people. It may be, however, that there lingers in some minds a real concern as to the character of this coming people. We are the descendants of sea-rovers and soldiers. We have been nurtured through many generations on the songs and stories of the heroes. There is no one of us whose heart does not beat faster at the sound of a drum, or at the sight of marching men. The history of the winning of our liberties through several glorious centuries comprises many hard-fought fields in the Old World and

in thee New. Many of the great and good men of the past, like Alfred of England, William of Orange, Admiral Coligny, and our own Washington, distinguished themselves upon the battle-field. The most familiar type of the hero has come to be the man who can face death without wavering. Is there not a hard and stern element in the life of man? Are there not needful grains of iron in his blood, without the bracing presence of which he would become effeminate?

It becomes, therefore, a perfectly fair question, what effect long-continued civilization will have upon the manliness of the race. Disband the armies, let the White Squadrons rust, settle all disputes in a great international court, and how will you be sure any longer to keep the tonic iron in the blood of the youth of this more peaceable world? If men become timid; if no noble occasions ever whet their courage; if manly risks and ventures disappear

from life; if anodynes, whether of drugs or mental healing, are found to drive pain from the earth, — what is to hinder that most fatal of all kinds of decay, which has repeatedly swept luxurious empires from the face of the earth, and given over their cities to the people of a wild but fresh and hardy stock? So far in the history of the world, the wild men, the fighters, have had a part to play in reinvigorating the race. Up to our time the hardy and strenuous, the intense and energetic, have inherited the earth. Will it ever be well for the world if these forceful qualities fade out? Are they not bound to fade out under the peaceful conditions of a gentle and really Christian civilization?

Before I go on to show how groundless such fears of the effects of civilization are, I wish to express a complete sympathy with the ideal of the virile and forceful man, whom the advocates of the old leaven of barbarism wish to perpetuate. I desire

to see no tame and cowardly world which has ceased to have a use for the heroes. I desire not less, but even more, of the tonic iron in the life of man. Our problem, indeed, is like that of the fruit-grower who has discovered some rich and luscious variety of apples or pears. It may be that the tree that bears the new fruit is too delicate to withstand the climate. What then, if, taking a graft of the new tree, we insert it in the hardy and native stock? What if we can turn the force of the wild growth, no longer to bear small and bitter apples, but the good rich fruit? So we propose to combine gentleness with hardihood; we have in mind, not only men of kindly spirit, but men possessed with the energy and vigor of the best native stock. If we foresaw that courage and virility were to cease or to grow less, if we supposed that in the new *régime* there would be little occasion or demand for these manly forces,

we should wish that our children might have lived and died in the stormy days of Magna Charta or Bunker Hill, instead of praying, as we do pray now, that they may live to see the golden days of the incoming civilization.

On the very threshold of our argument we meet a striking and significant fact to establish a presupposition in our favor. Hitherto, throughout human history, there have always been wild and untried races, hovering over the borders of civilization. For centuries no man could predict what strange new race might not descend like an inundation from the mysterious North, or from undiscovered continents over the sea. To-day explorers have pushed into every wilderness and island. For the first time in history there are now no longer new races to reckon with. Everywhere the savage peoples are dying out, or giving room for civilized colonists. Is it not clear that Nature has got through with her

earlier method of reinvigorating old and effeminate races from the infusion of a hardier barbarous stock? On the contrary, the world is becoming unified on the lines of civilization. The majestic push from behind is now in one direction, the way of a common commerce, a common body of knowledge and science, similar institutions and laws, by and by also (who shall say not?), a common language and religion. However desirable or picturesque some of the methods of barbarism may seem to the lovers of the antique, barbarism is as certainly doomed as were the bear and the wolf when the Mayflower landed at Plymouth. We have to look, not to barbarism, but to the broader and more intelligent development of civilization to find the needful means for making brave and noble men.

What, then, is this fine and beautiful thing, courage or virility, which we all agree that our coming people must have as

truly as our sea-roving forefathers possessed it? Is it mere pugnacity, or the disposition to quarrel, as some might hastily suppose? On the contrary, I assert that virility is the natural characteristic of sound and robust health. Pugnacity is often, indeed, the symptom of weakness or nervous instability. The fretful child is quarrelsome. The vigorous child is good-natured. It is true that energy must find something to do. It is capable of being drawn off into the channels of mischief and even cruelty. But mischief and cruelty do not belong to its nature. Find for the lively boy's energy positive constructive things toward which to run, and it will grow no less virile and courageous. The point which I emphasize is, that if we want brave men, we must have sound and healthy men. Give us plenty of men, well born, well fed, well trained, men of clean lives and orderly habits, temperate and self-controlled men, precisely such

men, as the type of the Christian gentleman requires, and we will show you more men of virile, physical courage than any army that Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon ever saw.

Our Civil War established this fact: There was need of discipline to make an army. But there was no lack of physical courage. Boys who had never been in a fight in their lives, men who came from behind desks and counters, and had hardly smelt gunpowder, were brave enough, and very soon well enough disciplined, to storm deadly batteries. This latent virility is always abounding in a healthy and well-nourished people. To believe in a good God and to love one's neighbor work no harm to such virility. It is all the more vigorous in a people who believe that, as sons of God, they hold the future in their hands.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that virility needs the exercise

of fighting, as if there were no other exhaustive occasions for its use! It is true that fighting has frequently furnished the occasion for the display of courage and hardihood. Quite brutal customs once held in every school-yard, where boys were trained to fisticuffs and cruelty. But the generations of boys who fought and bullied each other did not necessarily make heroes; they never failed also to produce a due proportion of cowards and sneaks. We do better for our American boys than to urge them to fight one another. There are feats of daring and adventure, there are hardy athletic sports, there are horses to be managed and boats to be sailed, there are a thousand channels where energy runs, where a quick eye, a skilful hand, and the brave and ready mind to meet an emergency, have daily practice without ever the need of ill-will or a hostile thought. Is civilization so unintelligent that it cannot educate its sons to manly

courage, ay, its daughters also to healthy womanly heroism?

Moreover, the arts and the occupations of industry, the pursuits of science, a world-embracing commerce, help to develop the virility of a people on a vast scale. Ships still sail venturesome voyages; discoverers and engineers still strike out paths through the wilderness and over the mountains; on the colossal network of the world's railway and steamship system an army of kindly and brave men daily run the risks of death to keep other lives safe. As in the past, so now, a great silent host of women, wives and mothers, face pain and death for love's sake. Barbarism indeed, with unconscious prevision of the great humane laws, taught its heroes to suffer and die, the few for the many. But civilization, facing the solemn facts of life and death with cheerful intelligence, keeps good the ranks of its heroes, bidding the many to live, and if the need comes, also

to die, for the sake of the common humanity.

I have said that courage is the characteristic of a healthy and well-ordered body. But this is the bare parable and outward illustration of a deeper spiritual fact. There is abundance of physical courage to undertake deeds of daring. There is as yet but little moral courage to match and direct the lower and merely animal kind of virility. The lower order comes first to meet the earlier rude necessities. We have come now to the stage when new and higher needs confront us, and demand a finer form of satisfaction.

It is no longer enough for the modern state that its leaders shall be men so brave as not to run away from an enemy. It is not enough for the captain of industry to be stronger than any of his workmen. We want another and more costly quality. We have yet to require in our political leaders that they shall be brave enough to stand

alone, and to say the eternal *No* to the projects of avarice or selfish ambition. We want capitalists of moral fibre to decry and veto the use of bribery and corruption in legislation, and none the less firmly when subtly debasing methods promise for the moment to foster their own selfish interests.

If we are to have rich men at all in the future, we are going to demand men of courage, who shall speak out whatever they honestly think is for the social welfare. If, in the old times, men despised the weakling and coward, will not men come to see that moral cowardice is not respectable? If the big-bodied man, afraid to use his strength when it was needed, was the worst sort of coward, why shall we not rate as beneath respect the man whose money-power or selfish greed of gain or place takes away his manly independence, and reduces him to the level of the sneak?

The truth is, superb moral courage is the crying need of democracy. If man-

kind had attained sufficient results in virility in the days of war, we might perhaps tremble lest the new civilization, having no further fields for its conquest, should decline to supine ease. On the contrary, the grand attainments are yet before us. There was never so great a pressure on the civilized peoples for the product of courage. Such a demand is itself a prophecy that we are on the eve of a new and forward march. It need not be marked by bloody steps, but it must needs be all the more strenuous and masterful. It will call for brave hearts, who know not the fear of death, or — a harder test of courage — the fear of the face of man.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DIVINE UNIVERSE.

MEN are quite used to hearing it said that we live in a universe. Few yet realize what a stupendous statement this is. The fact is, that long after we have dispossessed demons and wind-gods and forces of evil from their hold of the world, the vague superstitions that survive from the beliefs of early men still haunt our minds. We call this a universe, but it is not obviously so. In the face of the appearances of things, it often looks far more like a scene of life-and-death struggle. In the midst of a hurricane, sweeping away great trees, unroofing houses, deluging the fields, does it not seem as if the men of Homer's time were right, who thought the unseen powers

were at war in the heavens? How shall we easily persuade the doubter that everything is orderly, that there is no actual conflict at all, that one Power, not many powers, and this a beneficent Power, is behind the whirl of the tempest?

Let us go up, however, into one of the new meteorological observatories. Let us imagine that we can take with us the Homeric man, full of his childish fears. Let us look at the charts and maps, and study the reports that have been coming in on the wings of the lightning for many hours, from Montana, from the Gulf States, from the St. Lawrence basin. Let the observers tell us where the storm started days ago, what its track has been, where its centre now is, where it is moving, and how soon blue skies will follow it. Let them lecture us a little on the part which the sun plays in starting storms, raising winds, distributing rains, irrigating the earth. The same sun which makes the corn grow moves the clouds. It

is only a step to see that all forces are the manifestation of the one force. It is but a step to add that, if the sunshine is good, its children, the wind and the lightning, cannot be evil.

Let us try, as hard as we may please, to get away from this logic. The universe is all one; we must admit this. But let us try to deny that it is good. Let us call it indifferent, or even mischievous. We cannot consistently do this, if we try. Order, law, harmony, truth, unity, are all names of good, and cannot be translated into terms of insignificance, much less of evil. It is easy and reasonable to trust that the wonderful and beautiful order is beneficent; for this idea fulfils our thought, and adds to it the needful element of reason. To say "order" and "unity," and then to add "evil," is to the intellect wholly baffling and inconsequential. Neither, when you have said "unity," does it make sense to mix good and evil together. Their sum

does not make unity. On the whole and profoundly, beneath and behind all appearances, the mind, quite as truly as the heart of man, requires to find good as the sovereign fact. The mind demands good as well as unity. The mind that discovers the universal order is bound to believe that what we call "evil" is only incidental to the progress and development of the order, as the discords made by the young violinist, far from being outside the kingdom of music, are incidental to his learning the harmony. Thus, as soon as we drive out the demons, and make the great nature orderly and one, we are straightway brought face to face with God. God only is left, whom we cannot drive out, and give thought itself any standing-room.

We are interrupted now with a practical question. "Tell us," some one asks, "exactly what you mean by a Divine universe." What is the Divine universe that includes within it Armenia and Crete and

Cuba, the slums of toiling cities, the sulphur mines of Sicily, the Siberian prisons? The truth is, although the devil has been banished from his old place in nature, he remains for a while in men's thoughts of human society. We propose to drive him altogether out of our world. If there is no devil or imp in the hurricane, the volcano, the flood, there is no devil in the mine, the factory, the tenement-house, in the Sultan's palace, or the plague-spots of Bombay. If the universal order holds good behind and throughout the hurricane, and is never broken, so the universal laws hold good in the face of all the surviving barbarism of Turkey or Africa. Let us see if this is not so.

What does any one really think who holds that this is not a moral or Divine universe? He means, if he means anything, that you cannot quite depend upon the working of the righteous laws in this earth. Sometimes they may work, but at other

times they fail you. Sometimes it may be well for a man to be just, and at other times it is better to lie and cheat. This is a world, then, of moral expediency, where you must guess your way, but where you cannot trust that the doing of righteousness will be altogether safe.

This is as if there were a room in some factory where the workman could not quite depend upon the laws of mechanics. Imps, and not laws, play havoc with the work. Sometimes a direct blow of the hammer will strike the nail, and again the best-aimed blow will hit the workman's hand, or smite his face. Sometimes it will be well to work from the pattern, and again it will serve better to use no pattern whatever. The man who throws away his square and plumb-line may do as well as if he used them, in this strange workroom of chance. This is what men, in whose minds the superstition of a devil still lurks, say of our world. This is precisely what it

comes to whenever one sees no Divine universe to believe in. Is it possible to believe in moral chaos?

How can any one soberly believe in the outward universe, and not think that the orderly structure proceeds right through and includes with its majestic sovereignty all human things? Is there any area of human life in which the moral laws play fast and loose, and leave the man who keeps them to be the sport of the imps and demons? Is there any time when the man who steers by the guesses of expediency will be safe, and the man who steers by the stars of principle will go to shipwreck?

Is it in the realm of the home and the affections that the world ceases to be a Divine universe, and its laws mislead us? Will the man or the woman build a home out of savage lusts, out of unfaithfulness, out of envies, jealousies, selfishness? Every taint of animalism or barbarism spoils the home life, and poisons the fibre of the affec-

tions and friendships. There is no workshop in the world where the mechanical laws hold so surely as the subtle spiritual laws hold in human society. Do you want friends? Do you wish to be loved? Do you desire the joy of a civilized home? Do you care to enter noble human society? By every such question that you try to answer the world proves itself a Divine universe. To the boys on their playground, and even to savages, the moral universe begins to display itself. Let the boy be true, frank, brave, manly, generous, obliging, and like the young Abraham Lincoln, every one wants to have his good company. Let friendly Bishop Patteson go to live with the pagan South Sea Islanders, and the universal human nature in them rallies to support the noble man. Let a Lowell or a Sumner visit England, and the most aristocratic society unlocks its doors. Why? Because the only real aristocracy in the world is compacted of virile, courageous,

high-minded, and public-spirited characters. Because human society throughout is traversed by the universal ethical laws. Because already in "good society" the gentle prevail, and no others are wanted. Because, obviously, the all-round man whom we admire is the just and friendly man, and the women whom we love are the large-hearted women. Who, then, denies that this is the same sort of Divine universe in all the ramifications of human society as it is in workshops or meteorological observatories?

Perhaps, however, men who are trying to make all the money they can, see no signs of an imperative reign of righteous laws in Wall Street. They think that the imps still play about the workshops of trade, bringing honest men to shame! What are the merchants thinking about who talk so? Do they not know that every figure must be exact in every page of the ledger, that orderly system must pre-

vail from the counting-room to the factory, that the whole gigantic fabric of modern business rests upon confidence, that every lie, dishonesty, error, is waste, and somewhere at last has to be reckoned with? Do they not also see that commercial book-keeping is one grand parable of the nice and accurate working of righteous laws, in a realm where no disobedience can ever be covered up?

Is it the politician who despairs of the righteous universe, or dreams that he can play with its laws? Such a politician does not read history. Nothing in history is more interesting, impressive, or encouraging than to see how by inexorable justice every man goes to "his own place." Men lightly think that the world worships brains, smartness, popularity. The nation is always trying experiments with cheap material, and slowly learns the lessons of its disappointments. The nation always hopes that behind the successful man of the mo-

ment, use and service will appear to justify his notoriety. But the world loves and worships no such man as this; or if for a little it is deceived, it soon ceases to worship. What does the world care to-day for the old-time despots and conquerors, for a dull King George or Louis, for the senators and Presidents who stood for human slavery? The world groans at their names. But it reveres, never so much as to-day, the martyrs of its liberties, its laws, and its faith; not Jefferson Davis, but President Lincoln; not Gates, but Washington; not Lord North, but Pitt, the friend of freedom; not Philip of Spain, but William the Silent; not Herod, but Jesus. Place once the statue on the pedestal of righteousness and it stands forever. Teach our youth the solemn object-lessons of history, and they will not dare to go the slippery way of the unfaithful, the cowardly, the selfish, and the traitors. Temptation will hardly be possible to those who have once seen

the grand march of right through all the generations.

This does not mean that we live in a universe where the experiments of injustice are forbidden. It would not be a moral universe at all if men's hands were tied, and they were forced, like slaves, unwillingly in the way of justice. As it is a world where the child can fall, and indeed must fall before he can walk; as it is a world where the ill-aimed blow of the hammer spoils the work, and necessitates the more skill in the workman; as it is a world full of conditions which, if you break, will straightway narrow the flow of your life,—so it is a world where you can do wrong, tell falsehoods, break promises, injure your friends, bring woe and tears to multitudes, crucify your holy ones.

I do not find that this large liberty proves the triumph of unrighteousness or the malign powers of a Satan. It proves

the contrary by every new experiment. It shows that evil does not work, that cruelty is barbarous and intolerable, that selfishness goes at last to the wall, that the righteous man, though alone, is mightier than the multitude, that —

> ". . . . . behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Why then, some one asks, if this is so evident, why does not every one see it? Because, as I shall show more carefully in the following chapter, the movement is progressive; because it presents itself to our minds as an order of evolution. It is a Divine universe in the process of becoming; it is vital and organic. No one pretends that it is a mechanical world, wound up like a clock, so as to keep the true time from the day that the pendulum starts. We have no use for Paley's world; we cannot wonder that men who

look for that kkind of universe become infidels.

There is a strange and cloudy mixture in a vial; it looks worthless; I am tempted to throw it outt of the window. But wait: I begin to see att the bottom of the vial the beautiful shape: of a crystal. By that token I know what thhe obscure mixture is doing; it is depositingg crystals. So whenever, in the apparent chaos of human life, I see the beginnings of the beautiful, orderly, crystalline structure, I know what the universe is doing. I see the structural order of a single righteous life; I see the crystalline structure of a single true home; I see the structural lines traversing business, trades, statecraft, education. Wherever I see the lines of such durable structure, I have no doubts any longer about the universe. The mixture may be still largely obscure, the greater part of it remains in apparent chaos; but I know that it is depositing crystals. The laws of the crystals

are working throughout the mass. The prophecy of the crystals is certain from the moment when, out of the seeming chaos, the first perfect and beautiful shape appears.

CHAPTER V.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

WHY should there now be any doubt or disagreement about the things which we are discussing? Why, for instance, if this is a universe, should any one question our main proposition, that the whole trend of the world is toward the rule of the just and the gentle? If this is so, why, practically, should intelligent persons do anything else than obey the mighty universe-law of good-will? Least of all, how should any one dare to stand on the side of barbarism, and oppose the victorious forces of this incoming civilization? Why should men fight against God? Yet many persons who think themselves well educated are found doing this very thing. Many do

this who call themselves good Christians. They are often quite pessimistic about the outcome of the forces and processes which they see working around them. They at least deem it the part of greater safety to act with distrust, suspicion, rivalry, jealousy, and enmity. In short, they think it safe and even necessary to live in many particulars as barbarians, and not as civilized men, citizens of the universe. How can men making any claim to decency, much less professing to believe in God, ever lie, cheat, evade, refuse duty, or do outright injustice?

Most differences of opinion between men arise from the different points of view at which they stand. Let a man be lost in the woods at the foot of a mountain, and he will have no idea of what the mountain looks like, or of the country to be seen from its summit. Let the man stand in one of the narrow, crowded courts or lanes of London, and he will have no idea of the

splendor of the city as seen from the Westminster Bridge. So the man who looks at the problems of the great world from the point of view of his own petty personal interests, from his bit of a farm, from behind his counter, from his office, or even from his own fireside, cannot expect to see things as they are on the vast scale of the world and the centuries. From the narrow and personal point of view, each man asks, What is the outlook for me, for my business, for my crops, for winning my cases, for getting a living? or perhaps a little more broadly, What is the outlook for the success of my party or my denomination? Each man, therefore, sees things somewhat differently from his neighbor. Neither tries to see the other's side, much less to get the panoramic view of the whole. It is not strange at all when men who stand in the din and dust of the crowding competition of the street are told that the order of the world is surely toward the methods of a perfectly friendly

justice, before which all cruel selfishness is foredoomed, that many answer that they do not see this at all. How could they be expected to see it from an obviously wrong point of view?

There is a point of view for any picture or statue from which it ought to be seen. There is a point of view for the works of the Great Artist, for every masterpiece of scenery, where you best see it in its contrasts and proportions. So with all subjects of human thought. After taking proper pains to look at the thing in detail, there is a best point of view where you may sum it all up, see its proportions and values, and understand what it signifies. Let us see if we cannot find a common and true point of view where we may stand and look at the grand questions of the destiny of man. We mean his destiny, not in some other life, but in this earth with which at present we are chiefly concerned.

In the first place, the right point of view

for seeing things as they are is that of complete intellectual honesty. It is essential that we simply ask, What is true? We do not ask, like children, what we should like to see, or what is pleasant, or beautiful. We do not ask to be shown what we have been taught, what our religion says, or what the great names of ancient authority have said. We want the facts; and we wish to see them, not with others' eyes, but with our own.

We are lifted to a new level of observation about any subject as soon as we put the main question, What is the truth? Science is here a great schoolmaster for the philosophers, and for the plain religious people also. Science will not let any one spin a theory out of his own brain, and then try to twist the facts to meet it. Science will not let any one be content merely with saying, "My church teaches thus and so."

Darwin, Huxley, Gray, Romanes, are

shining examples of a new, imperative, and beautiful method. Like the photograph, they report precisely what they see. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is their motto. Show them that they have been mistaken, if you can, and they will thank you, and own their error. Displace their report with a fuller and more accurate report, and they will praise you. The established facts and principles of science arise out of the reports of men who have risen to this level of scrupulous and unprejudiced truthfulness. The differences of science touch those matters which the lovers of truth agree in confessing to be still obscure.

In admiring the lovers of truth we are unconsciously admiring religion. What kind of a world is it that is so put together, so jointed and compacted in every member, so nicely accurate in the finish of every atom, that the masters of investigation believe in it, and only care to

report what it tells them? Though you should give worlds to bribe them, they do not dare or wish to falsify the majestic records of nature. What kind of a world is it that inspires its closest thinkers to love truth more than mortal life? What kind of a world is it the laws of which the great investigators bank upon, as if indeed they were the pledged words of the Almighty Wisdom? This is surely a religious world. If there were no religion, there would be no truth, there would be no science.

If the world is a picture, it is a panorama; if life is worth living, it belongs to an order of progress. Familiar as this fact is, we can scarcely emphasize it too highly, or overstate its fair consequences, which are only beginning to be generally admitted. Men once looked at the world, and interpreted things as they are from the point of view of an imaginary and quite stationary Paradise. They therefore dreamed

that, if they could ever again establish another fixed and quiet Paradise, they would regain lost happiness. They have dreamed, and they still dream, of finishing their work in the world, completing their cities, fire-proof, whose streets will henceforth remain as they are laid, completing their institutions also, settling all problems of labor and wealth, setting a *finis* at last upon all legislation, and then sitting down for a millennium to rest, — a most insignificant anti-climax to the story of the world's heroic endeavors.

The true point of view, on the contrary, is like that of the astronomer in his observatory. Here all things move, and he moves with them. As with passing trains, there is parallax upon parallax to disturb the view, and to stir the beholder to seek to unravel the laws of the motion. There is no great fixed star, no distant group of constellations, that does not participate in the majestic motion.

But this motion is nowhere chaotic or insignificant. It does not return vainly upon itself, paralyzing the mind of man with its eternal futility. It is an order of growth or evolution. This means that an element of time and space comes into our thought. We look at things in the large, and not merely in detail. We judge the vast motion, not on the scale of terrestrial moments, but on the larger scale of the ages. To try to do this is man's splendid discipline in patience and humility.

This is not a difficult thought, suited only to the mind of a philosopher. We are used to the same larger view about our own undertakings. Here is a great piece of railway engineering that will abolish all the grade crossings of a city. It is very slow and inconvenient; foolish people ask what is the use of this expense; strangers do not understand at all what we are about. The work for a while is chaos except to the expert. But

we simply say, Wait, and whenever the first piece of the new elevated track is in place, even a passer-by will catch the idea that once was only in the mind of a few engineers.

There is an ugly plant in the greenhouse. It was never known to have a blossom. The child asks, Why do you keep that great useless plant? Wait, we say, it is growing; it is a night-blooming cereus; at last it puts forth its wonderful beauty. And that one night, when the plant has shown what it was slowly coming to, it has justified for itself abundantly the barrenness and ugliness of many winter months.

So with the great mysterious growth of the life of our earth. Grant, if you like, that it seemed to be doing nothing significant through the rude saurian ages. Grant that, looking back now, we would none of us wish to have lived, and much less to have brought up children, in the

old cities of Thebes, Nineveh, or Babylon. Grant that, taken in short views, history seemed to be repeating itself, and the tides of human life to be breaking and vainly falling back on the sands. Nevertheless, when first in Egypt or Judea or Athens a righteous man, the lover of justice, appeared, when first the type of Jesus, the lover of man, appeared, in the sight of intelligence the long dreary ages were abundantly redeemed by one consummate flower of humanity. It became known at that moment that history did not merely repeat itself, that the generations of human life did not break idly on the sands. It began to be seen what the barren and ugly ages were about.

And why, to-day, do the early ages seem fruitless or dreadful? Not because they did nothing, not because they had no meaning to those who shared their life and helped on their endeavors. But they seem pitiable to us because new and glo-

rious ideals have now come into view, because our faces cannot be content while looking to the past, because we are destined of God to march on beneath the grand sway of the law of a nobler manhood.

Let us agree that no view of the world or of human life can be right which starts with a finite standard, or proposes any limited ideal as a stopping-place. Laws, motions, tendencies, the grand general direction, we can trace like the astronomer watching the stars and the earth. Like the astronomer also, we cannot see far enough by the help of finite instruments to locate any single central sun about which all creation moves. The analogies brought to view by every new invention show that the pious writer spoke the literal truth when he said that, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

It is significant that man can rest in nothing short of an infinite quest. There is in him an infinite hunger and aspiration, as if, indeed, he were the child of an infinite nature. Every small and limited view of life in detail finds its necessary correction only when we take account of the fact of the ceaseless motion of man toward an infinite goal.

In this large view of life as a progressive order, the changes of the ebb and flow on the little shores of a single generation need not perplex us. It may be true that our great cities, filled rapidly with a new emigration, set up the danger-signals of increasing barbarism and political misrule. It may be for a while that superstition, startled by the incoming light, shifts its form toward outright doubt of God. There may be a greater volume than ever of the raw material of which life is wrought out. The demand for true men's endeavors is all the more urgent. This need not terrify

any one. It is enough that this raw material all belongs to the universe, that the divine structural laws are working upon it, that the principle of the crystal is sure to prevail over the chaos, — yes, that, as matter of fact, the crystalline structure everywhere is shining out. Not disorder, but order, appears as the victorious law, not only in the march of the centuries, but wherever one sees the subtle bonds that hold together the most primitive forms of society. No dangerous strike in the mines that does not exhibit order, self-restraint, humanity.

The want of large views does not altogether account for men's habitual distrust of God and his universe. The want of good-will makes the great and real heresies. More than anything else selfishness sways a man away from the lines where things appear as they are. To be selfish is really to be unintelligent; it is the survival of barbarism. Watch men, and see what a

twist selfishness gives to their sight. Is the man thinking what he will get for himself, — his pay, honors, and fame; to be confirmed in his own opinion? Is he arrogant, egotistic, conceited, and wilful? Then he is not even looking for the simple facts, that is, the truth. But suppose a man wants only the best, not for himself, but for you and me, for society, for the nation, for the welfare of mankind. Is it not evident that this man is at the precise point of view on every question where he will be most likely to catch the distinct and full meaning of things? For he asks nothing for himself, but only what is best for all. And he holds that the best of all things is truth. The facts are the foundation on which he builds.

Or does any one suggest that the truth-seeker should be utterly dispassionate, that he should not care whether the truth is good or evil, or for any consequences whatever? This is to suppose a man who would

not be truly human. We can suppose a man so honest that he would tell the truth, though it menaced his own doom and the doom of the race. But we cannot suppose a true man who would not care what became of mankind. The fact is, truth, like order and unity, goes unalterably with good and not with evil. Truth and good are made to go together and to match, however far we may be from seeing where they come together. No man can really believe in the truth, and not believe in the good, and hope for the best. We cannot think that a veracious world is not a good world. Our interest in the truth, therefore, is at last an interest in the welfare of man; which somehow, we are sure, is bound up in the veracity of the universe.

Let honest men who desire to see things substantially as they are, and in their true perspective, come out of their narrow alleys and their dusty shops, and stand under the open sky; let them put aside conceit and

their small personal aims; let them ask only and first, What is the truth? Let them look far and wide, and see the colossal scale of the universe, the long road by which mankind has come, the serene vistas of space still before us; let them feel within their souls the stirrings of the infinite nature, reaching out always toward the unattained heights; let them use modesty and patience befitting their destiny. Let them supplement this patience, which by itself might easily lapse into idle wonder, with the warm and hearty humanity that reveres truth all the more because of its faith that truth and human well-being are one.

Do not doubt that, whenever men thus see with the eyes of the pure in heart, they see the great things that constitute life. Do not doubt that, if multitudes still differ and quarrel; if they are often sceptics, cynics, and pessimists; if they are civilized only in streaks, and otherwise barbarians;

if they are Christians on Sunday, while they distrust their religion throughout the week, — it is not because there is no grand and restful basis of truth, neither is it because truth is only for philosophers, and not for plain common men; but it is mainly because men insist on looking at life and the world through the eyes of their own egotism and selfishness. More and more do the great lovers of men see the same things, and report the same message. What their message is, the one purpose of this book is to set forth.

CHAPTER VI.

SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS.

EVERY hope for human progress hinges on the fact that we live in a universe. Does any one believe in the continued march of inventions, in wiser and more universal education, in purer politics, in happier homes, in a nobler society, in a more equitable distribution of wealth? The only conceivable basis for such splendid ideals, the only reasonable spur toward realizing these ideals, comes from a more or less conscious belief that we are citizens of a Divine universe. If there were no rational course to be sailed, if there were no good end or purpose, no discipline of manhood, and no ideals toward which this discipline proceeds, what reason

would any man have for struggling to urge onward a colossal raft of existence, floating on the waves of chaos?

I have already suggested that, if we all really believed this to be a universe throughout, we should hardly dare to do wrong. But our education is not yet very thorough-going. In all the moral realm especially it lags behind. Men who think themselves scientific still imagine that there are easy, short cuts to success and happiness. Perhaps all that is known on the personal side as "sin," and on the social side as "crime," may be traced to the ancient and barbarous impression that this is a realm of more or less chaos and chance, where you may get your ends by short cuts. The fact is, all wrong-doing is a practical denial that this is a universe.

The desire to economize human labor is not in itself wrong. There may even be a noble reason for wishing to buy the goods which the world offers in the cheap-

est market. The more we can honestly procure, the more we have to share. The less labor we need to bestow upon getting our bread and butter, the more we have to use for art, education, friendship, and humanity. The processes of civilization are processes in all sorts of beautiful and wise economies. There are quite righteous short cuts to success. We cannot plant, or harvest, or build, or manufacture, or distribute goods too effectively. The righteous short cuts to success are characterized by a scrupulous regard for facts and laws. They proceed from the most intelligent obedience. What was it but a most patient and accurate obedience to the teachings of nature that gave us Bessemer steel, and the telephone, or that laid cables under the ocean, connecting the continents? In a very literal sense the right way is the shortest, that is, the easiest and most economical.

We need to make a clear distinction between the short cuts which are really

nature's highways, and belong to us all, which are, indeed, universal, and those other short cuts which nature marks "Dangerous Passing." For example, the way of truth tends, like a royal highway, to bind society together. But every lie, however convenient it seems for the moment, destroys confidence between men. Honest weight and fair measure are like "the rule of the road." To cheat is to break this rule. How strange that men who believe in modern science think that they can break the rules that make business possible!

Boys are often wiser and closer to nature than men are. Each sport has certain rules. Boys do not praise a comrade who breaks the rules, and cheats his way to victory. The fact is, the object of the game is not a prize, or the glory of being proclaimed victor. The true object of the game is the development of strength, skill, hardihood, the joy of endeavor and of comradeship. To break the rules of the game,

therefore, is to sacrifice something of that which the boys seek in their sports.

We can see this in any business that touches mechanics. Here is the builder of a railway bridge. Is he building in order to make money? And is his success measured by the profits of the work? No! He is building for the convenience of man and for the security of human lives. To sacrifice strength and durability, however large profits accrue to the builder, is not to succeed in bridge-building.

Is there some short cut in education? No! In the world of letters, the man makes himself ridiculous who bears degrees and honors that represent no real learning. There are plenty of places where you may take a scow over bars and ledges into the harbor. But if you are steering an ocean-liner, well freighted, carrying hundreds of lives, you must sail in by the ship-channel. So if you wish to bring in a noble, all-round, and disciplined mind, ac-

curate, thorough, well-furnished, you may use the tides and currents that flow in the region of the intellect, you may blast away the ledges that impede the course, you may straighten the channels; but the more heavily you are freighted the less can you afford to neglect the buoys and the beacons that show the great safe and common way into port. Education demands work which no short cut of laziness can ever avoid.

Is it not strange that the very boys who despise humbug, sham, and mere "marks," ever come to suppose that the great realm of commerce or "business" is traversed by short cuts? Boys think it success to get an easy berth and a salary by favor and the influence of rich relatives, or by some political "pull." Boys learn to tell lies in the name of business in order to sell goods. Yes! Good boys learn to break the rules of the sport, and to cheat their way to the goal. It is a false education that spoils our boys, and persuades them

that there is any single great department of human interest where men can safely neglect the great highways, and take private ways of their own. Do boys yet know the alphabet of the universe who go from school to use lies, frauds, and falsified accounts, or to build Bussey Bridges? Or does any intelligent youth imagine that there can be in business a short cut that does not finally carry the mean or selfish man who follows it to loss, disgrace, or ruin?

"He made a fortune," men say.

"Yes," the answer comes, "by telling falsehoods, by watering stock, by wrecking railroads, by bribing legislatures, by lobbying in Congress, by partnership with fraud, by agents whom he allowed to lie for him."

Do you suppose a man is ever proud of the fortune against which these charges are true?

The universe is absolutely accurate in

its accounts in the long run. All mere appearances to the contrary, you really get what you pay for. Never was word more philosophical than Jesus' refrain, "Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward." Make short cuts, take short views, scamp your work, evade the great laws, neglect the permanent and eternal, and you get your returns in the same currency as you insisted upon using. Where is the unprincipled millionaire or corrupt politician whose success any intelligent person envies? It is the bank burglar's kind of success, who escapes with his plunder. It is the success obtained a century earlier by pirates and banditti.

The time is surely coming when the railroad wreckers, the stock-gamblers, the manufacturers of whiskey, the exporters of rum for the African coast, the colossal manipulators of legislatures, will be classed with the list of malefactors. Their grandchildren will be as ashamed of their record as

men are ashamed to-day whose ancestors fitted out slave-ships.

The law of rewards is not negative, intended merely to inflict penalties. Its primary purpose is positive. It means that in the long run the true, the sincere, the friendly, who give what the great world wants, who keep the eternal laws, who care first to do honest service and take pay and thanks afterward, — these have their reward in the same terms with their efforts. They get what they sought, — thoroughness, reality, welfare, wisdom, love, life. Others took short cuts, and threw away part or all of their cargo. It is given to the thorough, the honest, the obedient, without sacrificing anything, to bring their whole ship's load into port.

I have said nothing about a "social organism." I have had in mind a multitude of individuals, each seeking the utmost measure of life. Mathematical, mechanical, chemical, vital laws hold sway around and

over them. A very few simple moral laws, truth, justice, purity, good-will, — equally inexorable and beautiful, — serve to maintain human welfare. We will not here call men's disobedience of moral and social laws sinful and wicked; let it be enough to call such disobedience unintelligent and barbarous. To lie, to cheat and overreach, to follow lust and caprice, is to play the part of the savage who has not yet heard that this is a universe, traversed and hedged about by laws.

All this becomes more clear and impressive the moment any one sees the larger purpose that underlies the universe. What is this larger purpose, worthy of the universe itself, of the Creative Intelligence, and also of the chivalrous heart of man? It is not merely the welfare of favored individuals picked out by some capricious "doctrine of election," to possess what the others forever must go without. It is the welfare of all the individuals. As it is not

success with the farmer's corn if only here and there a fortunate ear fills out to ripeness, so with the world of men it is not enough to see an occasional healthy, happy life, well nurtured, sweet, sound, pure, and noble. Such lives are prophetic of what all lives will be. They are so beautiful, not because they are exceptions, but rather because they show forth the universal nature. It is in all souls to be sweet, sound, pure, healthy, filled with life. There is no individual success that is not typical and characteristic of this larger human welfare toward which the universe moves.

Some one has a grand house, many servants, sumptuous dress, table, and equipage. We are doubtful if this is true success, even for the individual himself or for his children. But he cannot be considered apart from the welfare of human society. Is all this sumptuous show and style, of which there can never be enough

to go around, which lifts the possessor to a level of exception above humanity, truly beneficent in the view of the larger good? It is not success to have that which does not enrich the life of mankind, much less if others have less for their needs because of this ostentation and luxury.

Has some one gained for himself thorough health. This is not good merely by itself, and for the healthy individual alone. It is worth very little if only one man in a hundred can ever maintain decent hygienic conditions. But it is very good when the healthy man shows by object-lesson the hygienic conditions which we all propose to secure for the million.

Have the few gained university education, culture, the enjoyment of books, art, and music? Have the few learned to use leisure? It is not enough if all this is for the few only. It is not success unless the leisure and culture of the few are prophetic of coming days when all

men who desire shall have noble opportunities.

Did one man long ago attain the beautiful life of a Christ? But the world that produced a single Christ and stopped there, leaving the rest of mankind timorous, cynical, selfish, heathenish, would not be a success. The beautiful and Christ-like life that springs to ripeness, as if before its time, is good to show the sweet nature wrapped up in every kernel of human life, waiting only for the propitious sun and air.

The characteristic of our time is that the great universal qualities are coming into general demand. Time was when a man's success was limited to the advantage of his family, his party, his sect, or his tribe. Time was when men praised the good father whose goodness was only to his own. Men praised the loyal friend, although his hand was violent against other men; men praised the patriot, although he hated for-

eigners. We are coming now to ask more of men. This is a social world. We cannot tolerate anti-social practices, customs of business, habits of life. The short cut that runs apart from the great social thoroughfares gets no justification merely because it is convenient for your family, your friends, or your set. Show us, if you can, that it is good also for your neighbors. Beware lest your private way run to the loss, the harm, or the undoing of the many.

In every direction we tend to produce supplies for the universal demands. We are developing power and material plenty. We are making it possible for the millions to have true homes, to ride in beautiful parks, to read books, to enjoy art and music. We are getting these results by combination and co-operation. Who can straighten and improve the great highways of human life, and make them more commodious for all? He is a benefactor; he is the master of the future.

We may now distinguish the mission of the new and modern type of religion. There have been and are forms of religion which claimed to be short cuts to heaven. There has been a form of religion that left out personal morality, offering heaven on easy terms to sluggards and cowards; there has been a form of religion that left out the divine element of reason: forms of religion have sacrificed humanity, or have thrown joy overboard, and left human life orphaned and austere. The world has proved that there is no short cut in religion. You must take the great ship-channel; you must sacrifice no fraction of real life; you must hold the reason, preserve the moral integrity, keep the sympathies warm, unite enthusiasm with reverence. Again and again the short cut promises more immediate personal satisfaction. What man ever tries it, and does not presently find the rigorous and beneficent angel standing as with a flaming sword to warn man back from any mere volup-

tuous Eden to the eternal highway of truth?

These things, to clear thought, seem self-evident. In our best moments none of us can doubt them. Even on the ordinary level of men's intelligence, there is a dim sense that feels out after the way where reality lies.

"Like Verdi when at his worst opera's end,
While the mad houseful's plaudits near out-bang
His orchestra, . . .
He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths,
Where sits Rossini patient in his stall."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAW OF COST.

THERE is a profound law of life that may already have astonished us. It is the law by which everything bears a burden of cost. Life itself proceeds by a nice balance of profit and loss. Higher life comes at the expense of lower forms. Death itself is a constant factor of life. Nothing is gained anywhere except at some expense, we may almost literally say, by the shedding of blood. All effort is thus a sort of dissolution of tissue. As Paul almost pathetically writes, "We die daily."

At first sight, we are always tempted to quarrel with this law. Here is the "seamy side" of life, the reverse side to the pattern. There is no beauty in this side, seen by it-

self. We are disposed to question whether the balance of the total account is not dead loss. Consider the sum of the sufferings of myriads of animals by tooth and claw, by famine and cold, since the world began. Review the weary annals of human history, the torture, the crime, the greed, the sorrows of the innocent, the waste of martyrs' blood. Or single out any individual life, and sum up the debit side of the account. Think of the cost and cares and tears which the mother pays as the price of her love for husband and children. Count up the cost of any of the great, noble lives, — of a Moses, an Isaiah, a Jesus! Try to value what Washington or Lincoln gave for his country. Here are typical cases standing for millions of humble and unthanked patriots. As you add up this debit side, you will often be appalled at the cost with which life must be purchased.

There is a current doctrine that goes far toward denying the law of cost altogether.

You will sometimes be told that there is no pain, unless you make it by your own wrong thought. If, therefore, the heroes and martyrs had only possessed the secret of this pleasing philosophy, they might not merely have smiled on their enemies, but they would not have suffered a twinge of pain under the most refined cruelty of Torquemada or Nero! We are told that it was no deep law that the patriot, the lover, the reformer, the philanthropist, the Christ, must always pay blood for blood, to win the world's liberties, the sanctities of home, the redemption of society, the triumph of justice, the enfranchisement of the soul of man. On the contrary, the true sons and daughters of God need never bear a cross, nor even sympathize with suffering. It is a question whether they need to die.

This strange doctrine simply ignores facts. Indeed, it is an enormous exaggeration of a certain important truth, essential to all valid religion, as to the empire of

the spirit over the body, of mind over matter. There is no realm of human life where you ignore the rule of cost, except at your peril, or at the expense of others who must pay your debts for you. You cannot think away the broken bone, the rotten cable, the faulty iron plate in your ship's bottom, the knot in the stick of timber, the plague-spots of filthy Bombay. You must "atone" in every particular for the fault or the fracture. You must pay the whole cost of repair, of cleansing the slums of the suffering city, of replacing the timber that cannot bear the stress of the passing train. You must pay your debts in honest money, earned by honest effort, perchance in the sweat of your brow.

Shall we break up our Divine universe into two kingdoms? Shall we perhaps admit that the debit side of the world is under an alien and evil power, and its law of cost is the tribute to some mighty Satan? If we say this, we must give up our science

likewise, talk no more of the One and Eternal, return by the way of man's ancient superstitions, and people space with warring powers. We must pull down our observatories, and predict no more eclipses. The great world is either framed of one structure throughout, or else it is chaos. Human life is either the child of the universe, or it is the sport of chance.

No! we live in a universe of inexorable conditions. It is solemnly structural and orderly throughout. There is beauty in it, but there is also that which commands awe and reverence. There is sternness and vigor to match vastness and unity. Everywhere are differences, shades, degrees, contrasts, which no one can think out of existence. We may even reverently hold that this law of cost is in the nature of the Almighty, and goes to make up his perfection. There is a sense in which God also suffers; and without this suffering his life, his joy, and his love might not be com-

plete. At any rate, if we do not believe in the universe as it is, if we do not wish to obey its conditions, if we want life on other terms, if we choose not to pay our share in its expense, if we propose to get good from it and never to give, it is vain to set our backs to fight against it. Here it is with its laws, the great law of cost among them; and here are we face to face with its conditions. What do we propose to do?

We have so far looked at the law of cost on only one side. But he would be a very foolish man who insisted upon examining the debit side of his books, and never asked the question what his assets are. The grand question of life is not what it costs, though the cost were ten times more burdensome than it is. The cardinal question is, Is life worth the cost? If we have won net gain; if the race of man on the whole sees new gains in view wherewith to redeem the expense; if nobler kinds of gain already begin

to appear; if the splendid harvest which the gifted few have reaped promises to grow and become universal, and to put all kinds of famine away, the famine of faith and love as truly as the famine of bread; if, therefore, when the accounts are finally in, the balance is right, — our Divine universe is justified.

Let us make some inquiries, and try to discover what the indications are touching the actual working of our law of cost. Let us ask one of our boys who comes in from his game of ball what he thinks about it. We will not ask the boy from the winning side. We will put our question to the boy who has been defeated. Here he stands, tired, dusty, hungry. He has paid the full cost for his fun. Is he sorry that he played? Not in the least. He has no complaint to make against the universe. Maybe he is hurt; will he therefore give up playing? No; he is all ready to try the joyous risks again.

Take now, to the eyes of the mere pessimist, the most pitiable case on record. Ask Jesus what he thinks of the law of cost. Is it worth while to be a poor man, to consort with peasants, to be insulted and mocked, to hang at last on a cross? The world has made an egregious mistake if Jesus does not tell us, "Yes, I would do this all over again for what it brought!" Of all men who have lived, Jesus has no complaint to urge against the universe.

But Jesus' case seems to some too conspicuous and exceptional. Well, then, I maintain that the whole beauty of it is that it is typical and universal. Let us take the most common and humble instance. Let us ask a mother, any one of thousands of good women, inconspicuous and unthanked, whether she grudges the cost of her motherhood. Let us even ask her whom death has bereaved, whether sweet memories and love and hope, all marvellously blended, are not perpetually

worth the price which she paid for them? Plenty of women will confirm this wonderful fact, although with tears still in their eyes.

I have been speaking of those who stood up to the majestic law, and stoutly paid the full cost, who scorned to shirk the universal conditions. The record of human experience goes one way. Those who obey the seemingly inexorable natural law, and pay their tribute to Duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God," are those who presently assure her that —

> "Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
> And fragrance in thy footing treads.
> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
> And the most ancient heavens through Thee are
> fresh and strong."

We are reminded of those who are failures, of the Pilates and Judases, and the nameless multitude of cheap, false, and ineffectual lives. We have already seen that these had their reward. They got

what they were willing to pay for. They only did not gain what they did not try for. They often thought themselves successful. Shall we blame the great universe that its laws, urging us all the way of noble life, can never make cheap prosperity permanent or beautiful? God is educating mankind to reality. "See," he seems to say by all manner of object-lessons, "how vain unreality is, how unsubstantial is selfishness; on the contrary, how enduring and gracious are truth and love."

The fact is, the credit side of the universe is glorious already with its figures of gain. Here you have qualities, virtues, beauties, ecstasies, the lives of divine men, immeasurable values. Here often a single splendid name, a Phidias, a Dante, a Michel Angelo, a Zwingli, outshines whole generations. Already at the close of the nineteenth century literature is growing rich with the inspiring biographies of poets,

teachers, philanthropists, inventors, statesmen, discoverers, men of science, men of faith; sometimes also plain and quiet people, whom the world hardly knew, like William and Lucy Smith and Mrs. Lyman of Northampton, types of other lives quite unrecognized and unpraised, but equally high-minded and helpful, making the world nobler where their light was shed.

On the corner of Boston Common close to the State House stands the Shaw Monument, commemorating the deeds of heroes. But no public monument tells the story of the man who, more than any one else, by his untiring energy, his faith, his utterly disinterested and modest service to his Commonwealth and his country, brought the famous black regiment together, — George L. Stearns, the friend of Emerson, the indefatigable helper of Governor Andrew, the efficient arm behind John Brown in Kansas, the earnest lover of liberty.

Let his name stand for thousands of the modest and true-hearted, the full power and significance of whose lives is hardly ever measured till after they are gone.

Is it not worth while that the creation should "groan and travail in pain together," when the buds and flowers of this quite infinite fruitage begin to be seen! Give us more of the same sort; lift common manhood and womanhood toward their superb possibilities; show us in farms and shops and in a million homes the awakening of the divine humanity; give us not one Son of God only, but sons and daughters of God in every city, the very fact which our great prophecy heralded, — and all the weary æons of past time are justified. What are mortal years or human toil or blood measured against immortal beauty!

But could not God do all this with better economy? Could he not just as well save the trouble and cost, and be generous and give his children life for

nothing? Why should not an ominipotent God give his creatures a universe free from conditions? Why possess infinite wisdom and not contrive to expunge this dreary debit side of creation.

Let us see first what son of God wants life on insignificant terms. Let us expel from the world all the austerity and solemnity. Let us be rid of all nerves that can feel pain. Let us have done with contrasts, with storms, with night, with heat or cold, with hunger and thirst. Let no child ever cry for help or pity. Let no friend's sorrow make a draught on our sympathy. Shut out temptation, take away the spurs that incité to effort and progress, blot out the words that describe evil. Leave what? Leave food and drink, ease, comfort, sleep, a monotone of existence. Do you desire this? You have been removing at every step the terms which constitute life. You have no virtue, no aspiration, no faith, hope, or love, nothing to distin-

guish beauty as such, no rhythm, nothing infinite.

There is no height without depth to match, there is no faith without doubt, there is no hope where there is no fear, there can be no love where no sympathy is demanded for suffering. The Almighty Wisdom could not make such a universe as we have imagined. The far-seeing Love would not accept it. Even God must keep his own conditions. God must obey the laws which he imposes. The laws are the expression of his love. That there is a stern severity in nature infers the presence of majestic pity also, and a beneficent purpose. There is a suffering and sorrowing God, as there is a God of love and joy. The Christ-story here illustrates an eternal and universal fact. What is in one life is in all lives, because all flow from the life of God. The infinite Life is not less full on account of this mighty fact.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PROSPEROUS.

SUBJECT a column of water or a boiler full of steam to tremendous pressure, and you develop a marvellous elasticity latent in every atom of the steam or the water. So with the development of life. You bring out its hidden and divine force and elasticity under stress and pressure. It is another form of the law of cost.

Thus, on the physical side, if you want a hardy stock you put on the pressure of conflict. No race of men was ever good for anything who did not have to fight for their lives, if not with other men, at least with climate and nature. So true is this that, as we have already seen, it is not quite easy to allay the scepticism of

those who wonder how men will ever keep their blood fresh in an age of universal peace and plenty.

The rule is the same in the development of the mind. The men of the earlier generations in America, battling against poverty, with meagrely equipped colleges, with few books, nevertheless got an education quite comparable for effectiveness with that of their fortunate grandchildren of to-day. The secret was, that they worked under pressure, without which in some form the mind hardly puts forth its full capacity.

The precious moralities have come likewise. When have purity, temperance, integrity, and a noble public spirit taken on momentum in the world? In those very times when the surface currents ran strictly against them. Men and women developed a jealous purity in an age of obscenity and license in cities like Babylon, Rome, and Carthage. The new virtue is always making its way against the current

of circumstances. Men never loved liberty so much as when the weight of the slave-power pressed upon their souls. Never fear that villany will do any harm to honor, that corruption will break down justice. When the evil weight accumulates, once given the presence of manhood, the latent elasticity is ready to prevail. Strangely enough, faith in God has never failed in evil times, when the faithful stood alone, when martyrs went to the stake. The law of faith is that it grows stout-hearted under stress.

The problem of the prosperous now begins to appear. The prosperous classes, never before so numerous, are everywhere trying to evade this strenuous law of effort and pressure, through which, as we have seen, life grows sturdy. They command easy and luxurious physical conditions for their children. Their children are required to do nothing which service can be hired to do for them. Teachers are paid to learn

their lessons for them. Extravagant pains are lavished on their pleasures. Religion also must be made very easy, children must be let off from religious observances which they do not happen to fancy. We have the extraordinary spectacle of a generation which owes its success to its obedience to the stern stress of necessity, trying with all its might to contrive to take away from its children the very conditions that made its own life hardy and virile.

Moreover, the circumstances of modern society readily exempt the individual, if he chooses, from his normal share of public responsibility. In the old days the employer lived close to his men, for whose welfare he was obviously responsible. The wealthy or educated citizen was a marked man, to whom his community naturally looked for public service. Wealth and education thus created an obligation of leadership. If there were particles of steel in the body politic more carefully tempered than

the rest, it was in order that they should act together in the cutting edge of the tool. We have changed all that. Modern business is organized on so colossal a scale that millions of employees hardly see the captains of their industry. Thousands of persons draw incomes from factories, mines, and railroads which they have never visited. Boards of directors, sheltering themselves behind their corporate capacity, approve, or share the proceeds of, transactions for which any individual member of the vast corporation might be ashamed personally to avow himself responsible.

What is more startling, great communities of wealthy people, removing their homes from the bustle and din of the working world, build up stately rows of palaces, or fill great parks with their splendid villas. There is a single town in Massachusetts rich enough in men of education and resources to lead a score of colonies such as established the Common-

wealth in the beginning. The fathers or grandfathers of these men were natural leaders, cheerfully carrying civil responsibilities in a hundred New England towns. But this well-to-do class to-day, so largely endowed with all the capacities to make responsible leaders for the city, the State, the nation, are merely private citizens, often too careless of their civil duties to take the trouble to vote. Youths grow up in the wealthy homes of Beacon Street and Fifth Avenue on whom no serious burdens rest, who believe that their chief function in life is to be ornamental, to travel abroad, to sail yachts, to discover pleasure. There was a Greek word *idiotes*, which meant one who counted for nothing in the state. Our word *idiot* comes from the old root. We are rearing thousands of such political idiots. It is as if we had withdrawn the tempered particles of the steel from the cutting edge of the tool, and had planted them in the haft, where

the costly temper could do the least possible good.

All this is bringing the natural consequences of injured law. While it is not necessary to urge that society or the nation has actually deteriorated, while we chronicle a fair measure of improvement in the course of the century, it is none the less obvious that we confront very grave social, political, and economic evils. As our industrial machinery, becoming more and more complicated, delicate, and at the same time colossal in its proportions, requires greater skill, patience, care, and accuracy in its management; as the steel ship presents new problems greater than the little coasting shallop had to meet,—so the problems of modern society demand not merely men as good as our fathers, but even better and more thoroughly equipped men. The more intricate social complications require, not only good individuals, but more effective organization among them.

It is not evident that mere individualism, irresponsible and unsocial, however well-intentioned it may be, has had its day? Or, if individualism is always good, the signs of the times point to the need of a higher and more social order of individualism. Waste and mischief on a vast scale already menace us. At a time when society needs peculiarly faithful, honest, and well-directed service, we find our great cities under the rule of "bosses," "rings," and "machines;" we see our national government in distinctly partisan hands, surrounded by a corrupting atmosphere of mercenary scandal. How many men in our Congress can we fully trust? Whom can we name whose one test-question at every issue is, "What is for the best good of the whole American people?"

We see likewise new forms of industrial development, inevitable doubtless, but all the more strenuously calling for splendid and conscientious leadership. The great

industries of the world, generally organized into trusts, syndicates, department stores, and combines, are as yet at the mercy of the unscrupulous, of adventurers, of egotists, whom no one knows how to call to account. At one end of the scale is a multitude of workmen, often altogether out of employment, or again sadly embittered by their suspicions of the selfishness of their employers; while on the other hand is an increasing number of prosperous and educated people, largely members of churches, whose chief concern is not to meet their responsibilities like men, and to bring about better human conditions, so much as to keep comfortable, maintain the level of their salaries and incomes, and like the selfish old king of Judea, in the face of the impending Babylonian deluge, to have peace at least in their time! Such men as these, with a master purpose to make money and a light emphasis on human welfare, without adequate sense of the tremen-

dous obligations of social and industrial leadership, without any passion for justice, cannot be expected to-day to succeed in the task of administering the powers of the world and distributing its wealth.

Meantime the freedom from weights, pressure, and responsibilities means no increase of joyous life. Joy, in fact, mysteriously depends upon the law of cost. What comes for nothing brings no thrill of life. The man whose face tells the story of the happy life is he whose elastic soul most often responds to grand duties, and carries willing burdens. Where do you find the pessimists, who question whether life is worth living? They are not among the toilers, they are not commonly the poor, they are not the uneducated and unthinking. The doubters and pessimists are in the classes who owe most for their splendid opportunities, and yet give the least in proportion to their endowments. No wonder that men and women who are trying to

evade a primal law do not find life greatly worth living.

So much for the problem of the prosperous. How can they possibly sail as idle passengers on the grand ship of our modern civilization, through fogs and storms requiring the utmost skill, wisdom, and courage? We cannot go back a hundred years to the old-fashioned sailing-vessel, or keep ourselves safe on land. Civilization can take no backward course to Arcadian simplicity. Shall we then, as some stoutly urge, choose the venturesome path of social revolution, and displace the prosperous from their easy seats? We shall have occasion to discuss this proposition in a later chapter. For the present it is enough to say that social revolution does not solve our first and main problem. The problem is to find men of intelligence, capacity, training, fitness, and honor to manage our immense and costly machinery. No revolutionary theory shows us where to get capable leaders. When

those who ought to be leaders evade the obligations of leadership, the fact that we punish and degrade them does not help us to provide this rare quality of humane, patriotic, and high-minded leadership. Admit that a higher order of humane society will be evolved. All the more is the need of great, earnest, wise, and devoted leaders to effect the change. The average citizen cares little for any mere issue between the "ins" and the "outs." Inefficient as the "ins" are, he suspects that the "outs" may be more hungry and wasteful. The average citizen wants to see the grand business of industry, government, and civilization performed with security and efficiency. He begins to perceive that selfish leaders can fit only a narrow and selfish type of society; that irresponsible leaders can never fit or serve anywhere; that a civilized society, a truly Christian nation, must somehow produce civilized leaders and rulers, gentle and brave, men of humanity, men of faith.

We are ready to see the answer to our problem. Men must somehow obey the vital law of pressure. By a new turn in the spiral of evolution the old and barbarous pressure of outward necessity and brute conflict is taken away. It is the mark of civilization that men already emerge into a comparative immunity from the ancient stress of hunger and cold. We see how to provide quite generously for the necessities of vast populations. New inventions put off indefinitely the Malthusian terror of serious overcrowding. Over one great area of the world we have largely got rid of the old burdens of militarism, race-feuds and national jealousy. But the law still holds; it only changes its form; it becomes a moral or spiritual necessity. Relieved of the weight of pressure from without, the man must take upon himself the willing constraint of self-imposed responsibility. He must become ethical, if he would live and thrive. In short, educa-

tion, resources, means, leisure, aptitudes, — all constitute an increasing obligation of service, and, if required, of public and disinterested leadership. Is a man prosperous? That is, has he thrown off all fear of hunger and cold and destitution? Let him know that he must needs take on himself a whole new order of larger and unselfish concerns, of cares for his neighbors, for his workmen, for the poor, for the state, for the welfare of humanity. Shame on him if he evades the very burdens which his happy position has brought upon his shoulders! Let him hear the ringing call to his manhood from Emerson's "Boston Hymn:" —

> "And ye shall succor men;
> 'Tis nobleness to serve
> Help them who cannot help again;
> Beware from right to swerve."

It is very encouraging to find how many individuals there are who hold all that they possess in trust for the welfare of mankind.

A considerable class also, while they adopt the Old World idea of their own individual property rights, are ready to make valuable concessions in acknowledgment of obligations which they rather vaguely feel that they owe to society. They generously endow hospitals and colleges out of their plethoric surplus. But the great aim of the prosperous class is still everywhere to enable their children to enjoy themselves. The wonderful appliances of modern education are thus misdirected. The law of pressure and effort by which physical vigor, intellectual power, character, personality, joy, and life are developed is practically denied at school and in college. Even the church lays no real stress on it. We are not, however, without conspicuous examples of a type of education that is exactly fitted to meet the present needs of society and to fit the nobler nature of man.

Let me illustrate my meaning of what all education ought clearly to do. A very

distinguished educator, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, built up a great institution for the blacks and the Indians at Hampton, Va. The key-note of his teaching was the responsibility of educated men and women. Why were the few picked out of the millions of their brethren, and lifted to the level of advanced civilization? Was it that they might earn a better living than others, that they might constitute an aristocracy of superior persons, that their better houses, skill, industry, and culture might give them privileges over their people?

On the contrary, these select black boys and girls were given this costly endowment, that they might henceforth be more heavily and directly responsible for their race; that if they earned more than others, they might show others the way to earn also; that if they established true homes, they might make such homes inspiring examples for others to pattern after; that if they stood above the rest, they might lift the whole

level to a permanently nobler humanity. This was the Hampton idea of education. Whenever a boy caught this master-idea, he was destined henceforth to live under the self-imposed pressure of a noble responsibility for his race and the nation. He was a man bought with a price.

Is it not evident that here is an idea that, whenever seized, makes a man a citizen of the universe? He has come under universal laws and conditions. He has ceased to be a mere egotist, a dilettante, a mercenary. If black men and women can be possessed with such an idea; if they can devote their larger earnings, their better social position, their superior skill and culture, for high and generous ends; if they can feel the great humanitarian responsibilities of our age, and stand at the front to meet its problems, — what shall we say of the youth of the Anglo-Saxon stock, with their still more costly education, with their rich and ennobling traditions of liberty, literature, laws, and

religion? Who can measure what they who have inherited the wealth of the ages owe to the world? Or can it ever be said that any one has received a university training who, however much he knows of the details and detached fragments of learning, has not yet comprehended that fundamental conception of a Divine universe which brings these details and fragments into orderly, beautiful, and harmonious relations with the life of our common humanity?

Here is everything to stir the chivalrous heart of youth. The same law of pressure which in brutal times seemed a cruel bondage to necessity; which in the animal world meant only the survival of the strongest; which in the competitive struggle for bread seemed to foster selfishness; which, when only half understood, as in Mr. Kidd's book on "Social Evolution," has been translated so as to set the reason of man in revolt against his religion, — is now lifted to the level of the free and willing action of con-

scious moral agents; it is transferred from the realm of outward forces to the inner and spiritual kingdom; it now becomes the pressure of human sympathy, of duty, of social ideals. Already many appear as typical men of the new era, thoughtful, observant of facts, reverent of law, who not only know the splendid secret, but bow in enthusiastic willingness to accept the weight and obligations of an educated and civilized human life, the life of a son of God!

We thus find that a deep necessity is at work in human society, pressing men almost in spite of themselves to fulfil the marvellous prophecy of social good with which we started. That modern society may hold together, that industries may be permanently organized, that governments may work out their legitimate ends, yes, that men of means and brains may have solid happiness and their children may maintain the honor of their families, it becomes increasingly

necessary that the rule of the world shall be, as Jesus foresaw, in the hands of the gentle and friendly. The names of Mark Hopkins, Samuel C. Armstrong, and Seth Low in education, of Governor Andrew, Sumner, and Carl Schurtz in politics, of George Peabody, Peter Cooper, and Mrs. Hemenway in generous beneficence, are arrows pointing where the great and perennial trade-winds blow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE IDEAL DEMOCRACY.

We are accustomed to hear the fine old commonplace of our Declaration of Independence that men are created "free and equal." We are familiar with Scriptures which declare that God made all men "of one blood," and that we must call no man "common or unclean." The modern democracy rests on these ideas. It is well to stop for a moment, and ask ourselves if we really believe these things, and why we so easily think them to be true.

To common appearance men are not equal. On the contrary, as they now are, they are distinguished by startling differences. Who can really prove that all the races of men proceed from a single pair of

parents? Who knows that there are not distinctly superior races, with immeasurable capacities for improvement, set over against inferior and comparatively unimprovable races, some of which, like the Indians and South Sea Islanders, are destined to die out? The differences among individual men are quite startling. How many of those whom you meet on the street can truthfully count themselves the equals of a Darwin, a Goethe, a Daniel Webster, of Paul or Luther?

It is really a novel and audacious thing that we are attempting in America, in calling all men to the suffrage, in addressing the beggar on the street with the same title of respect that we use for the most eminent citizen,[1] in pronouncing Hottentots and Negroes our brethren, in contemplating the possibility of a fair distribution of the good things of the world, with equal

[1] Of course the common title *Mr.* is simply the more ancient Master or Lord.

chances for the children of the rich and the poor.

We cannot be surprised that not every one as yet really believes in these fine doctrines. We may forgive timid and conservative people, if they apprehend trouble from an unlimited franchise held by millions of illiterate immigrants; if cultured parents are shy of free social intercourse with the families of a degraded poor-white neighborhood — not to speak of the blacks; if men of affairs hardly see common terms of value between the mind of the great inventor or the captain of industry and the inefficient and unskilled workman. Taking men as they are, there is not equality; treating men as they show themselves, you cannot treat them alike, respect them alike, or pay them alike for equal values received. There are men and women who seem to deserve almost infinitely for their services to society. There are those (they may be the rich as well as the poor) who

have hardly contributed a useful stroke of work. The democratic idea, and especially all socialistic hopes, rest on no basis of self-evident facts. The obvious facts are the differences between men, both in capacity and value.

The truth is, the democracy, with its doctrine of equality, belongs in the realm of ideal things, or, to put it very plainly, of religion. If we did not believe that this is a Divine universe; if we had no faith in the ideal justice and in the supreme life of God to whom all belong; if we had not the aspirations and hopes that especially belong to religion; if we were reduced to the conception of a mere physical, material world, — we should neither have any rational ground to advocate our American democracy, nor any heart to be willing to live and die for it. Democracy and religion march together to victory, or else they must go to the land of dreams.

The true democracy is not here now.

It is the government that ought to be. It is the ideal state, where no longer each shall ask, when he votes, What is my own selfish interest? but each shall honestly vote for the welfare of all. The ideal is of a multitude of friendly men, not merely eager, as now, to obtain their individual rights, but in earnest also to perform their fair share of duties. The democracy presupposes men of manly stature and character; it educates men. It could not have been in an era of barbarism, egotism, greed, selfishness. It did not begin to be possible till at least some men of the order of the idealists, the men of humanity and religion, appeared.

The time-honored prayer says, "Thy kingdom come." This does not mean that any one to-day expects a miraculous arrangement of human society, ushered in by angels. It means rather that we have the vision of a society which we are set here to bring about. We are spelling out

the laws which will effect this as fast as they are obeyed. When we repeat the words of the prayer, we speak our purpose to make the ideal thing real.

The question is not merely what mode of government is to-day most economical or efficient. We could imagine a benignant despotism or oligarchy that might safeguard life and property at less waste than we expend in America. But we do not carry on government merely to save waste. The democracy might be even more wasteful and blundering than it is now. We believe in it, because of our faith in a better government toward the making of which blunders and waste are part of the price to be paid. The incomplete democracy is the expression of our incomplete efforts.

Thus, we believe in manhood suffrage, and, if you please, in woman suffrage also, not only as the goal of our endeavors, but also because the problems of suffrage are

so many arduous lessons set us for the achievement of noble manhood and womanhood. The incidental blundering and waste are justified, like the waste of lumber in the manual training-school, if only we move on toward real "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." We admit that we have not reached this sort of government. It is what we purpose.

Why, then, do we call the beggar or the tramp by the title of Mr., and give the poorest man an equal vote? We pay tribute to our faith in a coming social *régime* in which all are masters and mistresses. We trust the man for what he ought to be. Hate, bitterness, pride, arrogance, conscious superiority, vanish from us whenever we think of the ideal human society to which every man belongs. "Belongs," do we say? Yes, if this is God's universe, but not otherwise, even in our dreams.

The hard-headed business man sometimes says, almost brutally, "Why give my men

extra pay? They will waste it in drink. Why give them shorter hours of labor? They do not know how to use leisure. They are better off at work."

Grant that the working-man does not know how to use his time or his money any better than some rich men whom we know. Why do we still advocate fairer wages and better hours? If we believed in the man only as we see him now, and in the present conditions of human society, we should have no courage to struggle in his behalf. But we believe in an ideal industrial society, and therefore we fear no advance step, though at times our feet seem to stumble or slip. If this is a Divine universe, the very blunders that we make are our lessons in learning to stand erect and to walk.

In this ideal or Divine democracy in which we believe, there is no levelling downward; there is no taking away of real advantage or honorable superiority from

one set of men in order to even up the holdings of others. The laws of the world are forever against the success of a materialistic democracy, intent on things instead of men. We believe in a democracy that lifts men upward. Have the few attained greater happiness, security, genuine welfare? We labor together, we organize society, we boldly widen and multiply the functions of government, that all may have the essential human advantages which a few now possess. The true democracy must give expression and fulfilment to all the manhood which there is in all.

We frankly admit that earlier modes of government, the individualistic traditions of which still survive, proceeded on a different principle. They were for the few, and only incidentally for the many. We do not wonder that men whose minds are possessed with the history of such governments are shy of our new democratic experiments. Like Herbert Spencer,

they warn us that government ought to do the least possible for the people. We accept the warnings of the past, but we confront new human circumstances and a new ideal of government. We are under the pressure of a new set of facts. We believe, as many do not yet really believe, in evolution. The day may have passed for the appearance of higher physical types and species. The day cannot have passed for the development of a higher moral order. This is indeed the stage of evolution which we should naturally look for next. As the normal man passes up through the tumultuous life of childhood and youth into wise and self-controlled maturity, through doubts to broad and settled faith, so the race moves from its childhood toward true civilization — the era of the good spirit. Government, therefore, inevitably takes on new meanings and enlarged uses. Government moves for a different end from that which

men thought of in the days of Charlemagne.

This doctrine of the ideal democracy fits into and tallies with a very wonderful conception of the possibilities of the individual man. We say that in some real sense a man is a child of the universe, or a son of God. This means that we do not much care through how many weary ages man has been travelling upward, or what the man is to-day. What interests us chiefly is the magnificent possibilities before him. Our eye is on the ideal or divine man. We love and respect a man for infinitely more than for what he is now.

As in a school, if we are told that a certain child, born to a fortune, is destined to hold a grand position, the more dull and unpromising he is, the more we are ready to do in order to make him worthy of the great position which he is to occupy; so we feel when you show us

a man, though dull and degraded. Tell us that this man in his rags is by birthright the citizen of the Divine universe, that unmeasured potentialities are wrapped up in him, that the difference between the average man on the street and the great genius is not so great as the difference between this man as he is and the ideal man such as he is destined to become, and we see now what the genuine men of religion used to mean, when they spoke of "the transcendent value of a single human soul." Nothing less than this is our faith. Nothing less than this superb idea of the individual man gives our American democracy standing-room in the rational universe.

We are not afraid that the true democracy will undertake to do too much for its citizens. We have reason to fear the power of men who hold office for themselves and for what they may get. We doubtless have to deal with such men for

some time to come. But we look forward to an enlightened type of citizenship; men will hold power in order to confer benefit, to give, not to get. Every individual of this type is an earnest that others of like sort will appear. It is absurd to suppose, if this is God's world, that men must always be selfish barbarians.

We have here the secret of Christianity. The simple, beautiful modern teaching brings it out to the light, after it has been buried in dogma for centuries.

Men had made of Christianity a sort of spiritual aristocracy, well suited for the mediæval world. The great Church had taught that Jesus' life was unique and exceptional, out of line with all "common and unclean" humanity. They had boasted of Jesus' earthly descent, that he came of the lineage of kings, thus removing him from the common herd. They had taught that, by the mystic laying on of priestly

hands, supernatural powers were conveyed to the few thus lifted above the brotherhood of the many.

Now see the impressiveness of the new teaching. Jesus' life is not exceptional, but illustrative and typical. The more just, transparent, lovable, it is made to appear, the better an object-lesson it becomes of the possibilities in all human lives. It was simply the normal human life, as it ought to be. What Jesus was, what he felt, what he believed and aspired after, illustrated the ideal possibilities of every human soul. There is not the slightest evidence that this grand human life sprang from a royal line at all. The beauty of it is that it arose from the common people, and showed forth what divinity is wrapped up, not in choice "blue blood," but in the common red blood that flows in us all. If there is one thing plain in the New Testament, it is that all that class of persons who think themselves of finer

clay than the rest would not have recognized the real Jesus if they could have seen him. This Galilean carpenter's son is not the Christ whom exclusive persons celebrate.

The beginnings of Christianity also are almost startling for the object-lessons that they present of the possibilities of the ordinary and average man. Jesus did not even choose the best, or he might at least have had disciples who would not have run away from him. He took his chances with such men as you find on the streets, slow and dull in mind, narrow in their sympathies, unchivalric and quarrelsome. It is as if he wanted to show what the leaven of a great idea could do with average men.

Presently, though not till after the death of their Master, these men catch the idea. Lo! they, too, are sons of God, citizens of his majestic universe, heirs of his own immortality, under orders to serve his good-will. Straightway these men are raised to

a new power; they become brave and unselfish; they are leaders and organizers; a great responsibility taken on their shoulders brings out the vital elasticity within them; they become speakers and writers.

These things are only typical and illustrative. Human history is full of the records of just such flowering forth of the common stock of our humanity at the quickening touch of a sublime idea. You can dare to call no man "common or unclean." Wait, let a great thought, a faith, a hope, a sense of the Divine universe, the consciousness of his kinship with God, once possess a man, and you can never measure the unseen capacities within him. From the story of Peter and James, plain fishermen, who would not have understood what now goes on in the cathedrals called by their names, or recognized the pontifical and archiepiscopal robes and chariots of their supposed successors, to the latest doings of the Salvation Army, human experi-

ence is forever gleaming out in sparks of prophetic fire.

The fact is, we hardly realize yet how much religion can do for us. Truthfulness, integrity, courage, kindliness, faith both in God and man, and enthusiasm flow right out of the heart of our common humanity, whenever any human soul is seized with the idea of the Divine universe, and as long as that inspiring idea holds sway. These qualities are apart from and deeper than all superficial and conventional culture and refinement, the agreeable veneer of society. Say, rather, these are the solid humane qualities, which most aptly take on the pleasing polish of good manners, and without which the most refined manners are hypocrisy. They are the qualities that always command love and respect.

I may have seemed to admit that the true democracy is only an ideal. Like all ideal things, however, it proves most

practical and workable as soon as you try it. Curiously enough, our democratic form of government, with all its blunderings, is already better and safer than any other government that has ever been tried. So far as it fails, it is not because we have thoroughly trusted and tested it, but rather because under the name of the government of the people we have suffered the rule of the one or the few. It is wonderful how in the crises of our American history, and especially in the moral issues, as in the contest with the slave-power, the appeal to the people, and to all the people, has been eminently justified. On the other hand, it is startling to find how often the few, the educated and the wealthy, have developed a fatal proneness to get on the wrong side, and to act and vote from their prejudices. Though, as a whole, the people are certainly slow, yet, whenever you will take the trouble to inform them, whenever you appeal to their sense of justice

and their chivalry, the sturdy qualities that mark the divine citizenship are energetic among them. You can scarcely take up a newspaper without reading of the instances of courage, devotion, self-sacrifice, heroism, — all going to show the splendid possibilities shining out in common human lives, and forever forbidding us from calling any man common, unclean, or inferior.

Thus the facts match our splendid theory. Treat men on their nobler side, look for their best, be patient with them, rebuke them if you must, not because they wrong you, but because they wrong and shame their own divine manhood; begin with the children in the kindergarten, and expect to find true gentlemen and real ladies among them; nay, more, think largely of yourself and your work, not as your own, but as God's; never, by an act or gesture, cheapen, demean, or dishonor your manhood, — and in every case you tend to elicit the facts that you seek; you are on the track of nature

and law; you are making the better society, the juster economics, the more righteous government, which you have seen in your vision. Lo! it appears already to be safe to trust our ideals, to follow them, to think, plan, act, vote, live, toward their realization.

CHAPTER X.

POSSIBLE REVOLUTION.

OUTWARD changes, economical and political, more or less marked, are always going on in the forms and organization of society. But to-day one can make a specially strong argument that great and radical changes are impending. No one can believe that existing conditions will continue in a world where all things move and change. Waste, extravagance, political corruption, fierce mercantile rivalries, colossal monopolization of wealth and of the industrial plant of the world, masses of dreary poverty,—these are natural subjects for profound patriotic and humane concern. Is not the old social and industrial machinery, the competitive or wage system, showing signs of breaking down beneath its load? The question is

quite fair whether any system is just that permits individuals to roll up immense fortunes as the result of lucky speculations, or of the rise of land values about a great city, that permits other individuals to inherit almost unlimited money power, as men once inherited duchies and kingdoms, while millions of workingmen, with small wages, live close to the danger-line of debt, or even of cold and starvation, and are liable to be thrown out of employment for months at a time.

When in the face of natural wealth, never so abundant, and forces of production augmented indefinitely by science and invention, so many almost fail to reap any benefit from the resources which surely belong to the race, it must at least be confessed that our present system, both of production and of distribution, is not intelligently or humanely managed. Its results do not represent an ideal democracy, a brotherhood of man. No intelligent person

has any right to be satisfied with such results. The Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts themselves must charitably be supposed to fall short of satisfaction with conditions that menace the equilibrium of society. No one can be surprised that men at the depressed end of the economical scale tell us flatly that we must have a new system to match our new ideas of human liberty and equality, to fit a religion that bases itself on love to man.

Our new thoughts of the Divine universe tend to emphasize certain ancient teachings, never before our day fairly appreciated, as to the true relation of the individual to the whole body to which he belongs. Who creates wealth? Who makes the great forces of nature? Who has wrapped up fertility in the soil? Where does inventive thought, the prolific parent of every modern discovery, come from? The individual by himself is helpless. All that he possesses — his strength, his skill,

his genius, his power of organization — has its value from the place in which he stands in human society. Has he the gift of oratory? Its training depends on the literature and traditions of generations of the past. Its use is nothing without audiences of living men. Has the fortunate man the control of a new invention? He did not invent it alone. Thousands of investigators and students made it possible for him. A million men by their co-operation and use give it mercantile value.

A man's gifts, by nature, by fortune, by inheritance, by the combination of a thousand subtle threads of influence, permit him to draw a great income from the products of the world. How much of this income is strictly and accurately his own, to do with as he pleases? What merely individualistic claim has he on a dollar's worth of the property in the creating of which he had the help of the world? Religion declares that he is a trustee alike for

his gifts and his means. He has no right to waste or selfishly to enjoy what is not his alone. The facts of the universe pronounce the same judgment. The laws concerning property, however necessary and useful they may be, are the conventions of society. They establish legality, but they do not constitute equity. Whether it is expedient or not to permit Mr. Astor or Mr. Goelet to hold acres of the land of the city of New York, the deeper fact holds, that the Astors and Goelets did not create this vast wealth, and have no right to lavish it as they please. Why should society which has taken back from dukes and princes their claim to transmit by inheritance irresponsible political power, continue to suffer generations of Astors, great and small, to hand down an equally irresponsible and undeserved money power? It is not strange that many question the righteousness of a system which annually turns over a considerable percentage of the income of the

nation to men and women who have done nothing useful to merit a luxurious support.

It must be allowed that a very pleasant and even plausible picture may be painted of the new and better social system which is to take the place of the present *régime*. Mr. Bellamy's happy world, where every man is assured a comfortable living, and no temptation to treat men unfairly is left, will captivate many readers. If all of us together may be trusted to manage government better than the despot or the oligarchy managed it, why should not all of us manage the problems of wealth better for all than the selfish few ever could manage them? Is it well for society that any individual shall hold in his own name a power which stretches over senates, and controls the sources of production and the forces of nature, and levies tribute on the highways and the waterways of the earth? If a few must manage the wealth of the world, should

men be permitted to select themselves for this mighty responsibility? Should they not rather be chosen, like presidents and governors, by those whose united earnings they manage, and to whom they should hold themselves responsible for a beneficent use of their power? If it is ever just to compare any scheme as it actually works with another scheme merely on paper, we must confess that between the Old World system of individual property rights, exaggerated as it has grown to be in favor of the rich, and the proposed Socialism which guarantees every man a place to work, the latter surely seems humane, democratic, and Christian.

There are those who think that not only a new and radically different scheme must come in, but that it will come in with the pangs, and even possibly the fire and sword, of a revolution. They infer this woful prediction from the course of history, which has been characterized by fre-

quent revolutions. They point to the terrible era that terminated the old aristocratic *régime* in France. They remember our Civil War, with which we had to atone for the crime of slavery. They say it is an old law that all crime must be washed out in blood. Is it not national crime, they ask to-day, that thousands of miners are forced to live on a pittance? Why should not such death-throes mark the outgoing of the present mercantile system as have marked other dying institutions of barbarism?

There are also in the present situation certain striking facts that may well make any thoughtful person pause. One characteristic of our age is the combination of capital. But combinations of capital are showing themselves more unscrupulous, more shameless, and less susceptible to public opinion, than the individuals who constitute the combination. The corporations, besides having no souls, last longer than the lives of the men who make them.

Men serve these corporations, lawyers plead for them, presidents and directors silence their consciences for them, somewhat as officers fight for their country in an unrighteous war, almost with an element of chivalry. It is not necessary that all the men in control should be bad, or even that they should ever directly vote to perpetrate an injustice. It is enough if a great trust, a railroad, a school-book company, quietly pockets and divides the proceeds of brazen or conscienceless agents and officials. If money is paid to secure legislation, if great checks go into the hands of partisan bosses ruling a metropolis or a State, if legislators are tempted to use their knowledge and votes for gambling on stock exchanges, decent men hush their better instincts by the subtle device that all this is "business."

Almost as if by an impersonal growth of evil, we have fastened upon us a hydra-headed tyranny, all the more pervasive, tenacious, and poisonous for the reason that

no individual cares to stand as sponsor for it. Here it is; it made itself. Grant that it is not desirable, nevertheless it has in its embrace the choicest business ability of the country. It uses the courts both to defend itself, and to kill or wear out its enemies; it masses its powers at the seats of legislation; it uses and commands metropolitan newspapers, and even the telegraph wires, over which news to its discredit may not run too freely. It wields the obstructive forces of social, legal, political, and even ecclesiastical conservatism. Thousands of men and women drawing their income by its means are interested in the perpetuation of its life. Men of warm sympathies, who would scorn any act of personal dishonor, are more willing to receive their good dividends than to ferret out and veto the wrongful acts by which dividends are augmented. Neither, if they wish to correct abuses, do they know how to proceed, or whom to

blame; they cannot even be certain that the evil reports touching their chosen investments are true.

Such is aggregate and corporate capitalism, like a tremendous machine worked by some new and mysterious force. Do you wonder that many say that it must be destroyed outright? It is not easy to see how it can be adapted to gentle and beneficent uses. Will not the men who have made this machine, and whose living comes from it, rally and fight to keep it? They are among the ablest men in the land, wielding untold resources and unlimited credit. They persuade themselves that they are maintaining their rights, and defending the established order. Opposed to them are the forces of discontent, jealousy, suspicion, bitterness; there is greed also and selfishness. Here is material for a revolution.

Nevertheless, the time certainly ought now to be ripe to do better than permit

the terrible cost of social revolution. All history, so far from establishing precedents in favor of revolution, sets up a long series of warnings against the use of this method of attaining human ideals. It is a method that belongs peculiarly to the barbarous period. It always leaves a brood of evils behind. It is like invoking the aid of a fever in order to drive poison out of the body. The disease is attended by a succession of relapses. Even when the health is recovered, sickness is the ignorant way for getting rid of unwholesome or poisonous conditions. Intelligence would have prescribed sanitation and diet, self-denial instead of indulgence, obedience to the obvious laws of health. So in the great body politic. Our vaunted War of Independence would never have been incurred if only a few men on both sides of the sea had known what thousands of men know to-day. We had to fight to kill the slave-power, because we

had not enough civilization, not to say Christianity, North and South, to cure the national disease by more intelligent and efficient remedies. We are still paying the consequences of our crude and drastic treatment.

The truth is, the word of our age is not revolution, but evolution or growth. Revolution was among the conceptions of men who thought themselves to be in a dual world, fighting the Devil and his inimical forces. Hate, bitterness, caste, wars, revolutions, torture, innumerable death penalties, were men's childish methods of overcoming evil with evil. The idea of the divine universe sets these coarse and primitive methods aside, like the saurian monsters for which the world has no longer use. They may survive here and there; doubtless to many who take short views they still seem to be our needful companions for all time; but already to the clear vision of intelligence and humanity,

they are become an anomalous and merely heathenish survival.

We in America are learning to choose arbitration instead of war; we are demanding conciliation in place of industrial conflict. A mighty current of public opinion and sympathy, to which all classes contribute, the rich and the educated as well as the poor, runs now towards the support of any body of oppressed and ill-paid wage-earners who make stand for more decent conditions. Experience accumulates in England and America to prove that if oppressed men will make the facts of injustice known, there were never so many persons whose friendly sympathies will not rest till peaceable remedy is secured. Careless as we often appear, and immersed in our selfish concerns, we do not deliberately propose to tolerate injustice, or to profit, if it were ever possible to profit, by its ill-gotten and perilous gains. Aggrieved men, on the other hand, never before

showed themselves so willing, with a noble self-control, to keep within those lines of constituted order upon which the welfare of all of us and their own eventual success depend.

Moreover, so far as we seek a nobler commonwealth, this is not a state of mere plenty and comfort, of idle ease and fat prosperity. It is not enough to give every man a living at the cost of the people, with the least possible labor. Is it not possible that Mr. Bellamy's world lacks a fine element of strenuousness and heroic endeavor? Does it not look too much as if man had already attained his Paradise and had nothing more to struggle for? At any rate, man's soul will never be satisfied by the mere fact that he is well housed and fed. There are great inward and moral conditions which it is much more important to satisfy.

The world that we want to make is one in which men's best selves, their divine

possibilities, are expressed. The just and orderly Utopian commonwealth of our dreams is good only as it fits and expresses a manhood of which it is worthy. It must be a commonwealth in which bitterness and jealousy have not merely been put to sleep in the arms of plenty, but have been exorcised from men's hearts by goodwill; in which mutual respect and sympathy, not legal constraints, hold society together with their golden bonds; in which men have become disinterested, not by compulsion, or by majority vote, or out of vulgar self-interest, but because unselfish action in homes, in offices, in shops, in the state, springs out of a willing, deliberate, and enthusiastic purpose.

We can see no hope in the methods of revolution. They are diametrically opposed to the spirit of that true, humane, and brotherly life which is essential to genuine democracy and stable society. If we suffer the rule of the selfish, we cannot rescue

ourselves by a mere change of parties or machinery, which still leaves selfishness in command. The ideal commonwealth must have the men of peace and good-will in the halls and chairs of office. Selfishness is forever splitting society into factions; selfishness and egotism cannot abide in the true and stable commonwealth. The selfishness of majorities is as perilous as the selfishness of the few.

We have already seen that our ideal commonwealth rests upon a faith in a Divine universe. The commonwealth rests also upon our faith that it is true to man's nature, as he grows in manhood, both to be free to do as he pleases, and also to choose to be just and generous; to be free enough to hold wealth and power in his hands, and yet to be bound by an inner compulsion to hold all for the common good. If we can never produce such men, all our dreams and ideals are futile, and even revolution would be useless. If we

are on the way to produce men of this type, there is no need of revolution. The coming man, as fast as we produce him, will give us all we need of readaptation, change, and reform, by his own characteristic method of orderly development, by social, industrial, and political growth. To believe in revolution is not to believe in man or in his magnificent future.

Is it possible to find and state a principle by observing which we shall escape revolution; by which, as by Constantine's cross in the sky, the coming man shall win a bloodless and beautiful victory?

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOTTO OF VICTORY.

WHAT would we not give to possess a definite and absolute program for the reconstruction of society? How delightful it would be if some good and wise pope, or an angel from heaven, could promulgate by a series of "ten commandments" what we ought to do, by what precise methods we might overcome the evils and abuses of our government, correct the unrighteous distribution of our wealth, cleanse away the squalor of tenement-houses, solve the ugly problem of "unemployment," and bring about universal human welfare and happiness. Procure for us a valid supernatural edict, guaranteeing in advance the wisdom of Mr. Bellamy's plan, or the

method of the single tax, and with what enthusiasm would we take all risks and join the new party, or organize the new church to convert the world to our cause.

As soon as any level-headed person begins to ask definite questions, serious difficulties appear in the way of every new scheme for the reconstruction of society. In the first place, we have a singularly uniform verdict of experience against the possibility of any specific panacea for human ills. Again and again the cry has been raised, "Lo here," or "Lo there;" but, like the fabled spring of perpetual youth, the desired panacea has never been found. Remedies, reforms, new machinery, institutions, laws, forms, customs, have their place and value. The old and corrupting custom must no doubt give way to the new and finer form. But it is a deep law of the world that no outward arrangement, however admirable, can ever give man lasting satisfaction or social health. Proclaim the

laws of the ideal republic to-morrow in Tahiti or Venezuela, and you will still have political resistance, labor, and pain. For civilization is essentially from within. Till the man is ripe, his institutions, his industrial and economical arrangements, his liberties, will forever remain imperfect.

There is no law more inexorable than this. It is involved with the very warp and woof of the great thought of evolution. The expectation of a panacea, physical or social, is only in a new form the old world expectation of a miracle or intervention. No really thoughtful mind, no good evolutionist, imagines that the most charming Bellamy plan could be made to fit a world of angry Hungarian miners, of striking cigar-makers, of grasping monopolists, of Jay Goulds, Quays, and Platts, or that any ingenious and elaborate outward contrivance would cure the fundamental evil of human selfishness. The bare contemplation of any scheme of social reconstruction

presupposes a goodly number of men and women who, being inwardly reconstructed themselves, are prepared to make brave ventures in its behalf, and to encounter resistance in order to carry it out.

The fact that men are very slow to see is, that the evils that vex us belong to us, and fit our present condition. The faulty institutions, the bad laws, the injustices and inequalities of distribution, match the inward and moral condition of society. Are there millionnaire robbers? It is because the millions also are grasping and selfish; they desire to be millionnaires too. Are the legislators wasteful and negligent? It is because the millions of us waste and spoil, and are careless of duty. The American people have not yet earned their passage into paradise. An uncivilized people has no right to claim the results, titles, and appurtenances of civilization faster than they are earned and paid for.

Let us grant willingly, that outward

changes, working more exact justice, react upon the character of the man who makes them, that the improved machinery tends to demand, and at last to produce, an improved man. We are still in honest doubt which among the various new schemes now offered us to select and adopt as our program.

Reformers often liken our present social problems to the question of slavery. But that was a simple and distinct moral issue. The slaveholder himself could hardly call his system ideal or righteous. The general opinion of mankind branded it as barbarous. There is hardly one of our modern questions of this simple order.

Here is the temperance problem, for instance. What sane person can be quite sure that his own method of disposing of it is the only right one, and that everything else is wrong? But the temperance question is only one issue among the complicated social and economical problems before

us. All that we can agree to is that many startling evils exist. We are all impatient of the processes of an evolving world, consuming precious time. We want the stroke of a miracle.

It is a curious fact that Anarchists and State Socialists promise relief in opposite directions. Both State Socialists and Anarchists compare the ideal commonwealth which in their vision they see, freed from imperfections, with the existing *régime* as seen from the side of its faults. There is no fallacy so frequent and treacherous as this kind of comparison. Can it be seriously supposed that men can ever enjoy institutions better and more faultless than the men are who manage them? Give us perfect and civilized men, and we shall have little or no need of laws, sheriffs, and courts. Give us the right kind of men, and we need have no fear of the tyranny of majorities, or of the stagnating inertia of a colossal bureaucracy.

Let us imagine what even the competitive system might be in the hands of a truly civilized people. Let the individual be a social and beneficent man; let all earn and keep money as honestly as some already earn and use their money; let the man struggle, not to hold others back, but to lift others to his own level; let him alter the emphasis of his competition — say, rather, his emulation, from the side of getting his dues to the other side, namely, of paying his dues, — and who shall say that this ideal of industrial freedom does not include all the social justice that the nicest conscience requires?

It is evident that there is no distinct program of social reform upon which we can at present expect thoughtful and earnest men to unite. So far as we can unite at all, our field of vision must be broad and inclusive. We must recognize the tendency in human nature that runs toward individualism, and makes a certain class of able

men shy of the constraint of laws, institutions, and systems. We must leave room also for those who can see their way only a short distance in advance, and therefore have to be "opportunists," if this word may be taken in a noble sense.

This is very broad, but it is not indefinite. We already largely agree that certain specific evils must go. Certain supreme ends must be attained. Justice must be done at any cost. We must achieve a social order, held together, not by force or statute law, so much as by mutual respect and sympathy. We must win room for every man freely to work out his manhood. We must help all to be sharers as largely as possible in the world's resources.

We see the distant goal, as one sees the outlines of mountains upon the horizon. Between us and the hills are unknown forests and rivers. We do not dare to promise beforehand by what kind of bridges we shall cross the rivers. So we march

toward our ideals of human virtue, happiness, and well-being. Wherever the opportunity offers we go on and upward one step at a time. We purpose to be at the same time both idealists and practical men; this is to be "opportunists."

I have not said this with the intent to chill any one's enthusiasm, least of all to keep things as they are. The old church tried to unite men in a plan for getting to heaven. Our new church aims to unite men in bringing about the conditions of heaven here on this earth. We hold that this earth is God's world, subject to the bracing and imperative laws of the universe. We hold that the sovereignty of the world is coming to be in the hands of men who live as God's sons. What we want is some simple motto or formula by which, as in the days of the primitive gospel, we may rally together and win victory. Is there such a motto of victory, simple enough for plain people and chil-

dren, absolutely reasonable to the thinkers, profoundly religious, imperative to the conscience, and persuasive to enthusiasm?

The motto which I propose is, something like this: —

Show us whatever is good for mankind, and we will try to bring it about. Tell us whatever means will bring good, and we are pledged to use them.

If we can leave good behind us, we shall have made our lives a success; if we can enrich mankind through any form of human service, we shall have truly lived. To do good is to express our nature. To express our nature largely is to fulfil our manhood. Ethics, the social instinct, religion, philosophy, — all are satisfied when the human life is allied heart and soul to the universe forces of Good. Say, then, *We are here at every step of our way to do good*, and you have spoken our motto of victory. Persuade men to say this in earnest, and you have established our new and humanitarian church.

But we are careful not to bind and compel any one. We may not all think the same thing to be good. We will be modest; we will treat others as generously as we wish to be treated ourselves. We recognize that since our first parents' original venture with the mythical tree in the Garden of Eden, man must find the good by experiment, by labor, sometimes by personal sacrifice, by error and failure also, marking the wrong way henceforth as "dangerous passing." Slowly the world accumulates the costly products of its earnings and experiences. Show us, O man! whatever is good, better, best, — and we follow.

Let me not fail to make the single condition quite plain. Men have tried to discover what was good or pleasant for themselves. They did not know that "what is not good for the hive cannot be good for the bee." This master principle is the foundation of our new church,

party, or nation. It is a total change of the old emphasis. We are not here for ourselves, but for the good of all; or we are only here for our own good as it comes through and with the grander social good of the commonwealth. Is a certain act, then, good only for me, and not for others? I will not do it. I will go hungry first. Is it good for others, and does it threaten not to be good for me? If it is really good for the whole, I will trust, though I may not see how, that it will be good for me also. Is it good for the city? I will trust that if I do the best for my city, it will be well for my friends and my family too. Is it best for the nation? I will trust that it will be well for my State or my party. Is it necessary for the good of mankind, for all the nations? Then I must vote that my nation shall help accomplish it. Show us only what is truly best for all, and I am here to do it. The universe is pledged to sustain that which is best. I would not

dare or wish to fight against it. If indeed the good, social, moral act were not ordered and upheld by God, there would not be any universe.

The word *Christian* serves well to symbolize the highest actual form, as well as the most exalted ideal, of the development of divine manhood. To be a Christian is, in broad and universal terms, to belong to the new, beneficent, and victorious order of man, doubtless after the fashion or type of Jesus. The old-fashioned and merely conventional Christian was here to save his own soul. Show him what was good for himself, and he vowed to do it. We propose a totally different standard. It is a standard that few as yet throughout the long history of religion have comprehended, that fewer yet have been willing heartily to adopt. We will call no one a Christian in modern terms who is not pledged, as Jesus was, to the prompt, willing, gladsome performance of social duty. To refuse to serve

the good of all disfranchises a man from the citizenship of the universe.

Let us briefly see what our motto will do when applied. Try it with the vexed question of temperance. Shall we use wine or not? Not all good men are yet ready to make the same answer. But the key to the answer which society is seeking is one and the same. We will not use wine if it makes our brother to offend. We mean this in no narrow sense. We mean, if on the whole the use of wine seems to harm human society, and to degrade the manhood of our people, we will give up its use. Whichever answer we make, we are bound to join hands with others in any just measures to stop the evils of the alcohol habit. Nay, more, if we use wine, we are the more bound, if possible, by our sympathies with those who have been wrecked in steering the same course with ourselves, not to let those evils go unabated.

Here is the great economic question of

how best to distribute the burdens of government through righteous taxation. We may or may not believe in "the single tax." But we are at one with all honest citizens in our wish not to bear one cent less than our share of the common burdens. We would rather pay too much than too little. We want no system that tempts men to become shirks. Let us convert men to be Christians after this practical pattern, let us teach them the universe-principle embodied in our motto, and it will not take long to discover more righteous methods of taxation. Let us not be afraid to do whatever is just. Let us make it evident that our proposed reforms represent, not our selfishness, but our generous intent.

Many persons look with alarm and jealousy on the fortunes that individuals have amassed in a single lifetime. Our laws have allowed extraordinary prizes as the reward of skill, energy, ingenuity, and the

faculty of organization in business. The laws have also worked so as to permit enormous fortunes to be made by speculation and dishonesty. Grant for the present that these huge winnings are incidental to a system that has fostered enterprise, and has on the whole enriched the whole country. Sagacious men ought to see that the time may have come for substantially modifying the amount of tribute that enterprise and ability are allowed to levy upon the product of the world.

There were never before so many men, thinkers, teachers, poets, artists, inventors, who stand ready to use their powers for the good of all. The best men make no high demands for reward and pay. We do not think so ill of the men who possess ability for business as to suppose that they will not use their skill and energy unless fabulous prizes are held out to them. Ask the successful man whether it is fair that he should still claim to keep all that

he can get. Let him own that his claim to unlimited possession is at best merely legal. Appeal to his chivalrous nature to see that generosity and the truest justice are one.

The number of those who hold considerable property by inheritance is rapidly growing. A large percentage of the total income of the country thus goes to the support of men and women who have never labored with hand or brain. By law and ancient custom we have established, in fact, a privileged class. Persuade the men and women who enjoy inherited fortunes that humanity, duty, and religion alike require them to accept our comprehensive motto, and what will they do? They will surely be ready to consider temperately whether their present privileges are not excessive and contrary to the public interest. They will never have the face to resist measures which promise, even at their own personal loss, to insure the larger well-being of all the people. If, on the whole, the privilege

of such unlimited inheritance is continued, they will recognize their enormous obligation to use their fortunes for the public interest. What a mockery the profession of the Christian religion is in the mouths of men who are not willing to do whatever appears best for the good of their fellows! What astounding audacity it is for any class of men to insist upon their right to be supported out of the wealth which they have done nothing to earn!

We are all socialists to-day with respect to our public schools, our municipal water supply, our postal service, and many other things which we do quite successfully together. No one can say that we may not wisely go farther in this socialistic direction. Why should not the state control forests and mines? Why should not the city own and manage its street-railways? As plans of this sort are from time to time prepared, they are always met by the clumsy forces of prejudice and selfish in-

terest. They are not even fairly discussed on their merits. Let us bring up the new generation to be fair-minded and magnanimous. Let us not fear to try experiments together in the name of the public weal. Let us, at least, be able to show other than selfish causes why the city, the State, or the nation may not assume new and larger functions. Neither, if we believe in God, let us be altogether afraid to trust the people.

On the other hand, let us not be scared by the word "anarchist," as if it must always mean a red-handed assassin. Let us interpret the motto of our religion so that the anarchist also, if he is a true man, may adopt its principle. We propose to do whatever the public good commands. We believe that the good of all includes the good of each. The anarchist proposes to obey this principle as a volunteer, rather than by compulsion of majority votes and laws. Show him that what the public does

is good, and he will freely contribute his share. Let the anarchist persuade us, if he can, that men may be trusted to do what is best, without any force except the mild sway of public opinion.

I have purposely chosen for my illustrations very difficult subjects, upon which at present good men differ.

Civilization has been called "the art of living together." I have wished to show that the great need in living the civilized life is a certain attitude or temper. The attitude of fairness, the temper of good-will, brings men together into the ideal society or commonwealth.

All experience goes to prove that, as soon as men desire the same righteous ends, their differences presently work out toward harmony. Even their experiments and errors of judgment become the common means of showing one another what all now wish to know; namely, what is best for all. Egotism, conceit, pride, avarice, selfishness,

twist the real and tedious knots in all problems. The knots are untied as soon as men ask, — What is good for us all? and are willing, when shown the way, to do simply that which is right.

The beauty and wisdom of this universal formula is shown by the fact that under its rule men are being naturally fitted, educated, and even compelled toward those very institutions and systems which will eventually compose a noble civilization. It is certain at present that neither the money kings of Wall Street, with their short views and bad moral perspective, nor the politicians at Harrisburg, Albany, or Washington, vain and ambitious, nor the labor-leaders, often factious and greedy, offer as yet that supreme devotion and capacity needful to guide the steps of mankind into the happy valley of Utopia. They do not even know the way there themselves.

But grant for a moment that the coming world is to be distinctly socialistic,

and then give us men and women among rich and poor, in the ranks of the educated, among the thinkers and philosophers, among the statesmen, among the leaders of labor, the captains of industry, and the masters of capital, committed to the principle of our motto, willing to go freely wherever you show them that the good of man requires, — do you not see that we are preparing men devoted, unselfish, intelligent, to be our guides, to show us the way as fast as the multitude of men are able to follow? Convert men first to the social principle, and all the rest will take care of itself. The changes first to be made are inward and moral; the outward and mechanical system will adjust itself afterwards, as the work of the artist fashions itself when once the idea takes shape in his mind.

This proposed inward conversion is no chimera, outside the lines of actual human experience. On the contrary, our noble formula appeals as gospel to the chivalrous

nature in all of us. Show us how to enrich human well-being, and the man is not respectable who refuses to listen. Persuade us that any course of conduct is right, and all that is best in us rushes forward to carry the right into action. Reason, conscience, the sympathies, urge us.

Never before were there so many on this planet whose hearts respond to our motto. Never were there so many waiting to join the one church that puts all differences aside, and only demands of its disciples that they do whatever the voice of the Good clearly bids. Who shall say that the springtime may not already be here for the new church and its new order of chivalry? Who does not see that after the long winter, when ice and snow were the fashion, the welcome blossoms appear? Who shall predict the possibilities when an intelligent generation shall train its children to the brave, social, chivalrous universe-life, to share and to give, to serve and to love?

CHAPTER XII.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

THE hope of the ideal or happy commonwealth, as we have already seen, is inseparably bound up with our faith in the divine universe, that is, with our faith in God. But the happy commonwealth can have no reality apart from the individuals who make it up. The problem is, how to secure the largest possible life for individuals. Perfect the individual, and society and the state will soon be organized aright.

I wish to sum up all that I have said about better social conditions into the simplest terms of religion. I wish to show that the coming people who will work out the ideal democracy and the happy society must be essentially religious. The happy

life for each will be the religious life. It grows out of the actual experience of religion. It does not depend upon the immediate and successful realization of all our dreams and visions. As the crystal may assume perfect form and beauty before the whole mass has as yet become crystalline, so the individual may take his own orderly place in the Divine universe, without waiting till all his fellows shall be ready to do the same. It is, indeed, by the orderly movement of individuals in obedience to ideal laws that all human society will at last be effectually brought into structural order. The happy life, whenever seen, wins others to adopt it.

Every one has observed certain persons whose religion gives them almost uniform happiness and serenity. Such persons belong to no single denomination. They may hold different creeds. Some of their opinions may seem to us strange or irrational. Evidently their satisfaction does not depend

upon the peculiar dogmas that separate men from one another. On the contrary, beneath all peculiarities, the happy life, wherever we see it, rests upon the ancient and universal foundations of religion. There is no possible monopoly of the great facts and thoughts of the world. Genuine Methodists, earnest Roman Catholics, friendly Quakers, honest Unitarians, Christian Scientists, and Salvationists, so far as their religion makes them happy, are at one. If I may use an old pietistic phrase, they have all "experienced religion."

We are accustomed to say that we believe in God. Few really doubt his existence. But thorough-going and consistent belief in God is much less common than many suppose. The experience of religion is still rather rare in the world.

There are two stages in any kind of belief. The first stage is where we merely hear it. Having no grounds for disbelief, we accept a great many things on the testi-

mony of others. We are asked, for instance, "Do you know anything about Westminster Abbey?" and we all say, "Yes, certainly." But our knowledge does not give satisfaction; it may even go with some sort of discontent, or a vague longing to know more. But suppose we have actually stood in that massive historic shrine — the resting-place of the mighty dead, the statesmen, the poets, the heroes. We have listened at one of the great musical services, when the rich associations of the centuries of English history have swept over our souls. As we have looked down the long beautiful aisles, and have lifted our eyes to the great vaulted roof, a tide of feeling approaching ecstasy has possessed us. Then let us come home, and let some one ask us, "Do you know anything about Westminster Abbey?" and we say, "We have been there."

So with the great matters of religion, and especially with the thought of God. We

begin in childhood with hardly more than the name of God. Besides a sort of dim awe, the name at first carries no feeling with it, much less, satisfaction and delight. But let us rise some day to that higher stage of comprehension and realization, when we see what it means to say God. And what does it mean? It means not only our thought of beauty, wisdom, order, and unity in the world, but also a sense of prevailing goodness, of an infinite beneficence at the heart of the universe, of a real care and love over us, in us, sustaining us, as real as the air and the sunshine, more subtle than air and light.

One may have slowly grown to this thought of the eternal goodness, like the good James Freeman Clarke, without ever a doubt. It may come to the sceptic even from his doubts. As a boy, reared in some lovely village among the hills, who leaves his home to wander around the world, only finds out how lovely it is after he returns

to it a gray-haired man, so men often wander long in a wilderness of aimless thought, before they find out how beautiful and satisfying is the way of religion.

To the man of sceptical mind two terrible possibilities are open, like ways that lead to death. Through one way, as he looks, the forms of evil, of tempestuous, destroying powers, seem to possess the world. This is the view of an evil universe. It is what we call pessimism. Through the second way of doubt one sees only the face of the sphinx, the infinite mystery. This is the way of agnosticism. The sceptical mind tries both of these ways. It examines whether they are true. Do the facts of life urge one in either of these ways? Can one follow them consistently and live? The more thoroughly they are studied, the more hopelessly paralyzed they both leave the mind. They do not satisfy the intellect, they starve the affections, they baffle the moral sense.

The mind, weary and listless, turns back to the solemn and gladsome way of religion. Let this appear at first a mere possibility, a grand Perhaps; nevertheless, the thought of infinite goodness at the heart of the world comes like the quiet shining of the stars after the tempest. It fits heart and thought, it fits the whole nature of man. It satisfies as only reality can satisfy. Sunshine falls on the world as often as we turn toward the majestic thought of God.

This means that fear and anxiety are taken away from us. The Divine Life sustains us, and we are akin to it. Real care, real sympathy, pity, and love are over us. Once grant that Beneficence is the sovereign power, and in all the great universe there is nothing really to fear for ourselves or for those we love. As Paul said, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

It does not make much difference through

what form of faith we come to the realization of God. The one important thing is that we catch the idea, that it become more and more real. It has doubtless come through the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. It came with great purity and significance to the Methodist Wesley; it came to the old Hebrew Psalmists with the wonderful words, "The Lord is my shepherd," and "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." It came with power and persuasiveness to the great clear intellect of Theodore Parker. It ever carries with it joy and rest. It gives harmony and satisfaction. That faith is the best which brings the thought of God most simply, and freest of all the tangle of doctrine and controversy. Blessed forever are those to whom this experience has come.

We go further than this. As travellers coming into an unknown harbor, on taking the pilot aboard, at once feel confidence, without having as yet the slightest idea,

as they look at the reefs and ledges barring their passage, how the pilot will conduct their ship into port; so men often catch a happy sense of the beneficent Power over them, without any definite idea of the divine and rational universe to which they belong. The thought of God, like the presence of the pilot, meets an instinct of faith; but it needs to be supplemented and filled out with intelligence.

Let me illustrate a second great thought of religion that goes naturally with the thought of God, and specially appeals to and meets the reason. We can imagine a stranger looking on a few years ago when the workmen were beginning the Congressional Library in Washington. They were laying the foundations; the ground was covered with the earth from the excavation. One would have been sure that some great public work was going on, but no one would have taken much pleasure or satisfaction in it. On the contrary, one might have been

impressed with the noise and confusion in the midst of which the work went on.

Let some one now invite the stranger to come into the architect's office, and see the plans. He is shown the drawings embodying the beautiful thought of the architect. He sees the ground plan, and the different elevations; he sees in pictured form how the front is to look, and the grand portal, and the splendidly decorated stairways and halls. He is made to understand the ideal meaning of the work; through all the present chaos and noise he already contemplates the completed building. He has become a sharer in the architect's thought.

So God permits his children to view the great universe plan. We are actually beginning to see, if we choose, as men never could see before, how this majestic work fits together. We are accustomed already to the thought of the lines and curves, the numbers and the proportions, whereby

the visible world is made to be the expression of a vast system of ideas. We know how the particles of matter, like the frost crystals on the window-panes, group themselves together after exquisite patterns. We have been told how plants grow and put forth their leaves in mathematical relations.

We are not well accustomed as yet to the thought that similar wonderful lines of order go through the social, moral, and political life of man, binding history together into a universe-plan, and building human society into a sublime temple of God. The old law-givers, long ago tracing out those words which we call the Ten Commandments, caught a view of the Divine Architect's plan. They saw the moral lines and proportions according to which human society is built. The great Hebrew teachers who discerned that all kinds of injustice and cruelty are everlastingly doomed, that only such work lasts

as is built on righteousness and humanity, — those men looked on the Architect's plan.

The great Teacher who grouped the Beatitudes together, teaching for all time that mercy, justice, purity, truth, and love rule the world, saw, as God sees, the marvellous plan. The forefathers who built our institutions, and gave their lives for laws and principles, our modern prophets, also, who saw that slavery could not endure in God's world, while freedom is eternal, — these men entered into the Architect's plan; they saw what the thought of God is. The men to-day, in ever larger numbers, who are dreaming dreams of a better social condition, who foresee the time when men shall treat each other as brothers, these men see the Architect's great work, his portals, his stairways, his beautiful halls, in the coming temple of humanity.

God invites his children to the sight of the plan of his world. No soul ever looks on the magnificent lines and proportions

of the ideal temple without a sense of joy and satisfaction. Our minds as well as our hearts are made to answer to this comprehensive plan of God. Our minds and hearts are made forever to be discontented with anything that comes short of this universe-plan. Let any one try for himself, and find out the solid intellectual delight, the sense of unity, the restfulness, the enthusiasm also, with which God's universe possesses us, so often as we contemplate the beautiful lines of truth, justice, mercy, pity, peace, and love, on which he forever builds.

Let us go further than this. We may suppose that it is not a stranger who invites us into the Architect's office. It is the great Architect himself; he is our Father. We will suppose that he not only shows us the wonderful plans, but he has a distinct proposition to offer. He says, "I want you to leave your private business, whatever it may be, and come into my

employ. I will direct you what to do. I will make you a sharer and co-worker in this majestic building." It may be that before we were unemployed, or we were doing cheap, inferior, insignificant work; we were building on foundations that would surely be swept away. Henceforth we shall build on the everlasting foundations, where no honest labor can ever be wasted.

"Yes," some say, "we see how this may be with the lawgivers and legislators, the men who built our institutions and liberties, the great masters, the prophets, the teachers, and the poets. We do not see so easily how God takes all men into his employ."

But our gospel is for all, or it is no gospel. Here, for instance, is the tired wife and mother, the housekeeper, to whom work often seems drudgery and routine. The great Architect says to her, "Come and work with me. Build on the lines of my beautiful temple." And this true wife and

mother, the housekeeper, building on the lines of truthfulness, of justice, of tenderness, of sympathy, is building after God's eternal designs. It may be that she has only to carve a single stone that few will see; but if she carves by the exquisite pattern, if she fashions a real home, if she shapes a noble character in her boy or girl, do you not see that such stones go into their places in the everlasting shrine?

God says the same to the teacher. The happy teacher builds not for himself. He is not called to work for pay or promotion. He is under Divine orders as truly as the men in old times who heard the splendid words, "Thus saith the Lord." The ideal things are indeed the words of God. The happy teacher builds on the lines of truthfulness, fidelity, earnestness, justice, accuracy, God's everlasting foundations. He is a co-worker and sharer with God.

The great Architect says the same thing to the man of affairs, to the merchant, or

the manufacturer. The man seems sometimes to be struggling in merciless competition with his rivals. If this is so, and the work is built on no structural lines, then indeed is the man wretched. His mean and despicable actions, like "wood, hay, straw, and stubble," disappear before God's test of fire. But let the merchant be working as Peter Cooper worked, as large-hearted men whom we know are working to-day, on the everlasting lines of equity, of kindliness, of truth, of reality, of beneficence, and his work endures. Human society is nobler forever because he has lived.

To the happy service of a sharer and co-worker with God, the Master Builder calls every one of our youth as they come forth from our schools and colleges. They have the glorious opportunity of living the Divine life here and now. They are offered the citizenship, not of America merely, but of the universe. No one of them needs to be a failure. For their largest possible

product in fidelity, in devotion, in sterling good temper, the world makes incessant demand. For the men of the order of Sir Philip Sidney and Charles L. Brace, for the women of the spirit of Dorothy Dix and Florence Nightingale, in high stations and in humble places alike, the world calls for volunteers by the thousand.

However old we may be in years, life lies not behind, but before us. None of us has more than begun to realize what the great truths of religion will do for us. To believe in God, and to trust that this is his world, to catch the Divine plans for the ideal character, for the true home, for the noble friendship, for the honest trade or business, for the genuine church, for the beautiful commonwealth, for nations living together in peace, is to lead the happy life. To see God's ideals is to see God; to live in the presence of the ideal things is to live in the presence of God.

To lead the happy life is more than to

believe in God, or to contemplate his shining ideals. Much more important and practical, the happy life consists in acting so as to make the ideal things real. Better not to profess any religion or name God at all, and yet to live and act as if this were a Divine world, than merely to dream of the kingdom of heaven, while doing nothing to bring it about. It is possible, on the other hand, to experience religion, that is, to know the satisfaction of the happy life, and not to know that it is religion. To trust, to hope for the best, to act for the best, to love and serve, — these conditions, which sum up all religion and philosophy, constitute the happy life.

It is here that the happy life wrought out by each individual becomes a contribution to the good of all. It has been supposed that the interest of the individual was different from the interest of society. The good man must sacrifice himself for the well-being of others. This may often

still seem to be true. To do right will long appear to many to be a brave venture. But to him who sees, as God sees, the end in the beginning, the good of each is identical with the good of all. There is no conflict of interests.

On the side of the mysteries and immensities of being, it is deep personal happiness to trust and to hope, like a son of God. But happiness like this is also contagious, and sweetens a whole neighborhood or community. On the side of our manifold human relations, it is equal happiness to love and to serve, as if indeed all men were children of God like ourselves. The happy life is the social life. The perfected individual makes the perfect society toward which we strive.

These things suit our natures on every side. They urge us to perfect self-expression. In such self-expression, of all there is in us, of our sense of beauty, of wisdom, of order, harmony, justice, love, humanity,

there is growing joy, contentment, peace, satisfaction, worthy of God's sons. This is the eternal, or universe-life. As Whittier, the poet of liberty, sang: —

> "Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
> For olden time and holier shore;
> God's love and blessing then and there
> Are now and here and everywhere."